

COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN
COUNTRY LIFE AND COUNTRY PURSUITS.

ILLUSTRATED.

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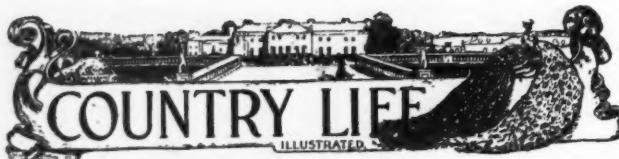
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Photo. LAFAYETTE,

HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA.

179, New Bond Street.



THE Journal for all interested in
Country Life and Country Pursuits.

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EDITORIAL NOTICE.

The Editor will be glad to receive for consideration photographs, instantaneous or otherwise, besides literary contributions, in the shape of articles and descriptions, as well as short stories, sporting or otherwise, not exceeding 2,000 words. Contributors are specially requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS. and on the backs of photographs. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in COUNTRY LIFE alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require.

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BRITISH BIOGRAPHY

INTER ARMA SILENT—OMNIA! Beside the heroic figure of the "gentleman in khaki" other interests are dwarfed; other voices are drowned by the booming of the big guns and the insistent rattle of the maxims. The things of the mind can expect to attract little attention when a war, "sprightly, audible, and full of vent," is in full tide. Yet it is not well that the things of the mind should be altogether unheeded. Peace has its victories no less than war—victories that do not make the same appeal to our imagination or stir the eager blood in our veins, but which we are proud of, and ought to be proud of, nevertheless. No excuse is needed, therefore, for diverting attention for a moment from the war and considering the famous victory, over hosts of difficulties, which has its result in the "Dictionary of National Biography." In England we celebrate everything that is worth celebrating by a public dinner. There have been as many as three dinners held in connection with this great undertaking. This alone would show its magnitude and importance. In 1894, ten years after the volumes of the dictionary began to appear, the contributors entertained Mr. George Smith. In 1897 Mr. Smith returned the compliment. The third dinner took place last week, when Mr. Sidney Lee, the editor, was honoured with the presence of the Prince of Wales and a number of distinguished men of letters who are interested in the vast work, which is now almost completed. How vast the work would be not even Mr. Smith, to whose enterprise and public spirit we owe it, saw when it was begun. In fact, Mr. Smith's original idea was to make it a dictionary

of universal biography with hosts of foreign as well as British contributors. But a work of universal biography on a large scale is out of the question. It was difficult enough in the days of the encyclopædist; but consider how few the subjects for biography were then compared with the enormous number of people whose lives are thought worth writing about nowadays. Some cynic has remarked that the era of cheap newspapers has given the world more "eminent men" than it had produced in all the preceding ages put together. It is certainly a fact that we pay more attention to the lives of men who made history in a small way than has ever been paid before, and for this reason such a work as a biographical dictionary must, at any rate, limit itself to being "national" in its scope. Mr. Leslie Stephen, the first editor-in-chief, saw this, and the "universal" idea was wisely abandoned. Sixteen years have been occupied with the production of the sixty-three volumes of British lives, and there are still some supplementary volumes to come. The mind is appalled at the thought of the number that would have been required if Mr. Smith had taken the whole world for his province.

If we are grateful to Mr. Smith, the *doyen*, one might almost say the prince of publishers, whose relations with Thackeray, George Eliot, and Charlotte Brontë carry us back to the great days of Victorian literature—if we are grateful to him for his inestimable service to letters and to history in undertaking the Dictionary, we are also filled with admiration of the manner in which the editors and their army of contributors have done their work. Dr. Johnson said, in the preface to his Lexicon, that all the editor of a dictionary could expect was to escape blame. The editors of these sixty-three volumes have mightily disproved the saying. Of course, Johnson did not mean precisely this kind of dictionary, but it is quite as hard to deal satisfactorily with the lives of men as with the meanings and histories of words. Those who have been associated in this enterprise have not only escaped blame; they have deserved, and, what is more, they have received the warmest praise. Their work stands as a model and example for all who undertake to write history in a scientific manner. The sense of proportion, which is so often lacking in compilations of this kind, has been most carefully observed. Those who know anything of the conditions of editing such a work will understand what tact and firmness must have been exercised. Contributors deeply interested in their subjects can seldom be made without a struggle to see the virtue of brevity. An editor must be ever on the watch, else will he find "No order kept and all proportion lost." He must also insist upon the observance of the general lines on which the work is planned. In this case the aim was to present facts, and facts alone. Those who laid the great bases of the dictionary were of the school of Freeman and Gardiner. They would have nothing to say to the methods of Macaulay or Carlyle. Therefore, the dominant notes of their pages are simplicity of expression and an austere avoidance of anything like partisanship or special pleading. Accuracy and not eloquence was what they sought. As Canon Ainger once remarked, the motto of the dictionary might be, "No flowers, by request."

There is no doubt that the plan chosen was the right one. In a work which is intended to be mainly a work of reference, perhaps entirely a work of reference, though one can do much worse than fill up a leisure hour with a volume of the dictionary—in such a work we do not want fine writing when we take a volume from our shelves. We feel Mr. Gradgrind's yearning for facts. The romance of history we seek elsewhere; here we expect an impartial exposure of things as they actually happened. And, in giving us just what we want in this respect, the editors of the "Dictionary of National Biography" have taken away a reproach from English letters. Was it not Matthew Arnold who complained of the difference between "the journeyman-work of literature" in England and in France? He set down our inferiority in the making of respectable books of reference to the want of any generally-accepted standard by which they could be tried, to the absence, in fact, of any institutions among us of the nature of the French Academy. But of late years we have advanced rapidly in the direction in which Matthew Arnold was so anxious for progress. We demand much more of those who do the "journeyman work of literature." We have managed to establish a standard, although we have not yet formed an Academy. It may be that our standard is not yet very widely accepted, but it does exist. The dictionary is at once a proof of this, and also a powerful influence for making the existence of a standard more efficacious.

The thoughts that are suggested by these thousands of lives of Englishmen who have deserved well of their country are too many to find expression here. We might discuss the national character as it is bodied forth in these rich pages. We might make it our aim to discover whether in thought or in action the genius of Englishmen has been most displayed. We might examine into the causes which have led up to periods of national greatness, and the reasons which make a country at one period "a nest of singing birds," and at another leave us only the

"bare, ruined choirs where once the sweet birds sang." But each possessor of the Dictionary—and it is, in truth, "a work which no gentleman's library should be without"—must draw his conclusions for himself. There are plenty to be drawn, and much benefit to be derived from a study of it. Montaigne said of Plutarch, the author of the "Famous Lives," that he was a philosopher who taught men to be good. There is plenty of philosophy in the Dictionary for those who know how to extract it, and it is a firm precept amongst instructors of youth that "who studies good men should himself be good." Longfellow made up the precept into popular form when he wrote:

"Lives of great men all remind us—"

But the quotation is something musty; everyone can finish it for himself.



THE *Daily Mail* of Tuesday contained a remarkably interesting despatch from Mr. H. G. Whigham, the correspondent of that paper at Lorento Marques. One passage in it is full of humour; it runs thus: "Both Presidents Steyn and Kruger complain bitterly of Lord Roberts's unfair tactics in refusing to meet the Boers in the positions chosen by them, and in eternally turning them by a flank movement." This view of the ethics of war is distinctly novel, but it serves—as do various other pieces of intelligence from the same place—to show that things are in a parlous state in the Transvaal from the point of view of the Transvaaler. We read of a special train, ready to start at any moment, of thirty-six boxes of bullion consigned to Holland, of all sorts of proposals for infernal machines, and the like. But the whole simply shows that the game is up, and that the two Presidents know it very well.

In the light of the full despatches from Mafeking, and especially from the very brilliant accounts given by Reuter's correspondent, General Baden-Powell's exploit seems greater than ever. Yet there is one point upon which the critics and the commentators hardly seem to have given to him all the praise that he deserves. To our mind—as we said before—the most wonderful thing about the whole siege was the physical condition in which General Baden-Powell produced the remnant of his men at the end of it. The siege was long, very long; the garrison and the people of Mafeking were tried hard; yet at the end they were ready for what a sneering correspondent called the inevitable cricket match, and the General himself and many of his men were ready to take the field at once. True it is that no man had ever earned a long holiday more completely than "the wolf that never sleeps"; but true it is also that the Boers stand in righteous and even superstitious terror of him. In a word—all goes well.

Yet the readers of COUNTRY LIFE have suffered a serious loss, and those who are responsible for the conduct of the paper are afflicted with grievous personal sorrow. Major H. S. Dalbiac, who "foremost fighting fell" at Senekal on May 25th, was, before he answered to his country's call, a regular and highly valued contributor to these columns. His soldier's life had been passed in the Royal Horse Artillery, and he had been in more than one campaign before this African affair. All his life through he had been devoted to horses. His knowledge of breeding was intimate; he was a very shrewd judge of horseflesh generally, and he was a first-rate steeplechase rider. Indeed, he won the Grand Military. Under the pseudonym of "Outpost" he contributed a very large number of articles to COUNTRY LIFE on racing, on studs, and on breeding. His last contributions, which were very interesting, were entitled "Recollections of Steeplechasing." Personally, Major Dalbiac was of small stature, full of activity, and always in the best of spirits, and he will be missed in many circles. We may add that during his absence—or part of it—his work has been done by a personal friend of his, who, by way of preserving the continuity of the articles, adopted the signature of "Outpost."

There has been the usual proportion of "hair-breadth'scapes" in the course of the present campaign. There is the profane edition of the saving of a man's life from a spent bullet by the pocket Bible that was his invariable companion, only in this profane parallel, it was a pack of cards that he had in his pocket, which was the protection. Every card in the pack was pierced except the ace of spades, a card that for ever after in this man's life cannot fail to be for him "big Ju-ju." A shell falling under a cavalryman's horse seems to suggest an anxious moment of speculation, seeing that, if the shell burst, man and horse must infallibly and instantly be blown to small fragments. Fortunately in the case related to us the shell, like many another Boer shell, failed to burst, and no one was a penny the worse, but the short "meantime" must have been anxious. And there have been countless instances of bullets finding their way to parts supposed to be vital and yet not doing the wounded man permanent injury, one man's brain being actually penetrated, and he out of hospital again in a week or two, only complaining occasionally of "slight headache!"

Some light is perhaps thrown on the apparently miraculous mobility of the Boer artillery in retreat by the statement of natives, that two guns are buried in the Rhenoster River. Of course, the reports of natives are always to be received cautiously, but there has been some suspicion and some evidence already that the Boers have interred their artillery, and it is possible that they have done so in more instances than we have suspected. To what extent they have resorted to this measure of despair we shall not know until the final reckoning at Pretoria or Lydenburg, if then. The war has still, no doubt, lessons in store for us, but of sieges, where Britons are in the position of the besieged, we may hope that the cup of experience is full. One lesson in gastronomy that hard experience, so gallantly endured, has taught—that if horseflesh, mule, and locusts are not tempting delicacies any one of them is better than trek oxen.

A good deal has been said against the Mark IV. ammunition, which was condemned last year at Bisley, and we are not concerned to deny that some at any rate of the complaints have been exaggerated. But there is no getting over the accident which took place at Scalby Beck, near Scarborough, on Saturday last. Here are the facts as plain as a pikestaff. Volley firing was going on when Corporal W. Smith and Private Vasey were seen to roll over. Investigation showed that the bolt-head of Smith's rifle had been blown away, that his little finger had the end blown off, and that Vasey was cut on the forehead. It is true that Vasey went on shooting, and that Smith might very easily have been more badly hurt. But that was no fault of the Mark IV. cartridge, which did its worst anyhow. We presume that it is certain that the ammunition in use was Mark IV., which has, we know, been used very largely for practice in England. But the report in the *Yorkshire Post*, upon which our note is based, does not say this in so many words, although we think it means to say it. The report continues: "The same sort of ammunition was used at Bisley last year, when an accident under similar circumstances occurred." Mark IV. was used for a day or two only, and the accident, which was fortunately bloodless, took precisely the same kind of form, only in that case it was the hat of the victim—Lieutenant Bonham, of the Royal Engineers—that suffered.

The grass is looking a deal better now than at the same date of last year, in spite of the dry cold spring. We may expect a better crop and cheaper hay; but the wheat and some of the other crops look patchy. Hops, at this early stage, promise well, but they are late. In the gardens the rose maggot (the caterpillar that curls the leaves and sticks them together) is very rife, and there is a certain amount of the "rust" that so spoiled the foliage last year.

It is very pleasant to find a royal lady speaking in the homely manner that Princess Christian used in addressing the meeting of the National Poultry Society one day last week. She said that she found her own fowls gave her a deal of trouble. That is just what fowls do, and it is just the lack of recognition of this fact that makes our own peasants fail, while French peasants succeed with fowls. No doubt the French are a quicker, brighter people than the British, and far more pains-taking. But there is no reason, in the nature of things, nor in the soil and climate, that our country folk should not make as good a business of poultry farming as the French, who send us over such numbers of eggs. A means of helping our own people would be to place before them the best instructions available; though no doubt it will be long before they realise that any methods can be better than their old "rule of thumb."

It is pleasant to know that some of the newly-formed Irish County Councils are taking an interest in the protection of wild birds. Saltee Island, on the Wexford Coast, has long been known as a favourite resort of sea birds, and several rare birds

have been in the habit of breeding there. Of late years, tourists and others have taken to the foolish and cruel amusement (?) of breaking the eggs and killing the birds while nesting. Lord Maurice Fitzgerald took the matter up, approached the County Council on the subject, and that body has made arrangements by which the Saltee Island will in future be a preserved area under the provisions of the Wild Birds Protection Act. It is hoped that other County Councils will follow the good example set by that of Wexford, as the wanton destruction of the beautiful and harmless sea birds which goes on is deplorable.

It was a sportsmanlike act on the part of Mr. Eustace Miles to come all the way from America to defend his title of champion tennis player against Mr. Gribble, who had won the right to challenge him, and he must be well satisfied with the reward of his trouble, seeing that he gallantly maintained his title, winning by three sets to love. Mr. Miles has improved his game, strengthened and steadied it at all points since he has been in the United States, where he has had much practice with the unrivalled Peter Latham. Only at the very beginning of the match did Mr. Gribble seem at all likely to be dangerous. Mr. Miles is returning to the States, and does not stay to defend his title to the Marylebone Gold Prize, which, as well as the championship, he won last year.

Gradually the importance of the pigeon post is being recognised by the Government, and steps are being taken at the Crystal Palace for establishing it on a proper footing. In the meantime, every person authorised or unauthorised to carry a gun deems any pigeon scouring overhead a fair mark for his piece. It would be well that the law should impose penalties rather more drastic on these light-hearted shooters of our pigeon postmen; and in this connection it is useful to consider the French law on the subject. Even an attempt at capture or destruction of a homing pigeon is punished with a heavy fine. Lately a laundress, really suffering annoyance from a neighbour's pigeons, put bird-lime down and caught one of them. The owner being able to prove that it was a "homer," the rather unfortunate *blanchisseuse* was condemned in a fine of fifty francs.

A most exemplary sentence of ten years' penal servitude has lately been passed at the Old Bailey on a person convicted of burning a rick of hay, with malice prepense. The value of the rick happened to be £200, but that we presume does not count for much in determining the sentence. It is well that this heavy sentence should be known as widely as possible to deter other intending malefactors of the same kind. Rick-firing is so easily done, detection is so difficult, and the damage may be so great that only sentences of this drastic character can act as sufficient deterrents. Lately, to spite the proprietor, an attempt was made to fire one of the most beautiful woods in Sussex. If the perpetrators were aware of the penalties of detection it is likely that they would think twice before attempting such a crime.

All Londoners, at any rate, will be grateful to Mr. Denman, the Metropolitan magistrate, for imposing a penalty of twenty-one days' hard labour upon one of the rascous fraternity of newsvendors for a flagrant piece of audacity. The prisoner walked up Park Place, St. James's, on Sunday afternoon last, roaring, in that hideous fashion which is too well known to need description, "Glorious news! Special *Observer*!" and charged sixpence for his wares. Of course there was no glorious news that was not quite old, and no special *Observer*. Thereupon, the buyer, Mr. Dargan, had the public spirit to prosecute, and Mr. Denman had the good sense to punish severely. If a few more victims would prosecute, and all magistrates were as firm as Mr. Denman, life would be better worth living.

A correspondent writes: "Probably the readers of COUNTRY LIFE, being essentially dog-loving folk of the better class, will regret more keenly than any other class in the community that the members of the Master of Foxhounds' Association, who met at Tattersall's on Monday, were unable to issue any definite report upon a matter of paramount interest. For a year Dr. Blaxall, head of the Vaccine Department of the Local Government Board, has been making enquiries with a view to stamping out the horrible disease of distemper; but he is to work for another year before anything definite is said. Dr. Blaxall's position suggests that the investigations which he is making are in the direction of inoculation, and, if he secures a serum, or something mysterious of that kind, all dog owners will rejoice. My own experience with distemper is on a small scale only, but it may be worth quoting. Firstly, whenever I have shown a puppy distemper has made its appearance in my modest kennels. Next, when it does, I know for certain that it will run through all the puppies. I therefore pass it on with a feather from the nose of the first

victim to the noses of his brothers and sisters. Then I treat all alike, following the advice of old Stonehenge, but reducing his doses. By so doing one has the advantage of having all the dogs ill at the same time, instead of at different times."

A very fine salmon was at Mr. Grove's, the fishmonger in Bond Street, lately. It was a fish taken from the Severn, weighing 51 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb., and of fine shape, measuring close on 50 in. in length and 30 in. in girth; a well-conditioned fish, and one to incite the members of the Royal Commission on Salmon Fisheries to do their best for preservation of its kind. The speech in which Lord Elgin opened that commission is full of good promise. The method proposed is business-like, and ought to achieve its results quickly. We are quite in agreement with the opinion that something should be done to give better preservation to the present stock before proceeding to supplement that stock by artificial breeding, of which the results cannot be appreciated for five years after the experiment is begun. One of the most singular pieces of evidence yet tendered was given on behalf of the Derwent Fishery Board, to the effect that a lead mine, by discharging its refuse into the river, had killed the pike and improved the stock of trout which used to be killed down by the pike. The fact that lead is, indirectly, meat to the trout, and, directly, poison to the pike, is full of pregnant interest to those who wish to rid a lake or river of the pike.

When a man mentions having killed a 40 lb. or 50 lb. pike it is always the signal for much badinage, but there is no doubt that some monsters have from time to time been caught in Ireland, and the big lakes of that country still hold numbers of mighty fish. What appears to be a reliable story comes from Constable P. J. O'Connor of the Royal Irish Constabulary, who describes his capture of a 53-pounder on Good Friday last on Lough Key. Fishing with an ordinary 16 ft. salmon rod, and using a minnow-shaped "Kill Devil" as bait, he hooked this immense fish, and after two hours' play succeeded in getting it close to the boat, when, having no gaff, he stuck an oar in its gill and out through its mouth, and with the help of a constable who was with him managed to get the fish into the boat. It measured 4 ft. 5 in. in length, 27 in. round the body, and weighed 53 lbs. Its head alone weighed 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.

Our Portrait Illustration.

IN the week following Her Majesty's eighty-first birthday, which was celebrated with extraordinary enthusiasm all over the country and all over the Empire, it is a matter of no common gratification to be able to produce positively the latest portrait of her that has been achieved by photography, and one of the very best that we have seen. The portrait and the very dress that the Queen is wearing recall one of the happiest occasions of her life. It was taken by Messrs. Lafayette in Dublin during the wonderful visit, and it will be noticed that in Her Majesty's bonnet are the silver shamrocks, and that she is wearing besides a sprig of shamrock, which it is not too much to say went straight to the hearts of the Irish people. The face, too, wears that happy and contented expression which became habitual in Ireland. What more shall we say, save "the Queen! God bless her!" and may we add, "Long to reign over us!" This last consummation seems to be one for which we may reasonably hope, for it is a commonplace of observation that the Queen is not in these days weighed down by years, and that for all practical purposes she is a younger woman than she was ten years ago. At present she is enjoying a well-earned and—we venture to conjecture—an active rest at Balmoral, but her energy before she went North was little short of wonderful. Every day during her long visit to Ireland she went out in the morning in her donkey-chaise, and took a long drive in the afternoon, which taxed her equerries severely. Since her return to England she has hardly rested. She has held a Drawing Room, she has made visits of pity to her wounded soldiers, and all the time she has been assiduous in the transaction of business of State—in fact, an ordinary day of the Queen's life would tire any other lady of half her age. Take, for example, the day when she drove over from Windsor to Wellington College and inspected the hall, the chapel, and library, and took tea with the Master, and drove through the cheering boys, and took special notice of those who had relatives at the front, and then drove back to Windsor. A drive of more than twenty miles and so much ceremony would have been a day's work in themselves, but they were not enough for the Queen, for when she had gone back to Windsor she took the keenest interest in the torchlight procession of Eton boys and others in the great quadrangle. May her repose in the Highlands be beneficial to her; may she return from it as well in health as when she came back from Ireland; that is the hope and earnest prayer of all her subjects.

Ladies' Driving Competition at Ranelagh.

HERE was a great crowd at Barn Elms, drawn partly by the presence of Royalty, by the prospect of good polo, and partly by the attraction of the Ladies' Driving Competition. As I had something to do with the first of these ever held at Ranelagh, the meetings have always had a particular interest for me. Nor are they merely means to pass a pleasant afternoon at our most charming butterfly club, they have helped to raise the standard of woman's skill with the whip and reins, and to teach ladies that driving is an art and not something which comes by nature. Since these competitions have started one of our leading professional coachmen has told me that he has had many and promising lady pupils. Punctuality and promptness was the order of the day at Ranelagh. There were a fair number of entries, and directly the Royal party, including the King of Sweden and the Prince and Princess of Wales arrived, Dr. Hastings and Mr. Miller started the competitors, with Lord Shrewsbury and Count de Madre to judge. The course was laid out in the usual Ranelagh fashion. To go



W. A. Rouch. LOOKS LIKE HITTING THE OFF-SIDE POST.

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for the four-in-hand competition. This was a difficult task for the two ladies. Miss Mary Mainwaring and Miss Flora Hastings drove a coach supplied by the club. Mr. Ward had picked out four very handy horses, and the winner, Miss F. Hastings, who I believe learned to drive before she could walk, won admiration by the simple, quiet way she went through her very difficult task. In spite of such examples as Lady Warwick, Lady Georgiana Curzon, and Mrs. Mackey, I do not think that to drive four big horses and a coach can ever be a suitable task for a woman on the road. In the ring it is different, for strength is not needed so much, and all that could be done Miss Flora Hastings did, and did well. She won two other prizes in the singles and pairs, and was deservedly applauded when she went up to receive her prizes from the Princess.

The King of Sweden looked on with interest, and it was noted that he turned from the polo to watch the competitions. The King and

the Prince and Princess were received by Dr. Hastings, as vice-chairman, for our chairman, Lord Dudley, is at the front.



W. A. Rouch.

INTERESTED SPECTATORS.

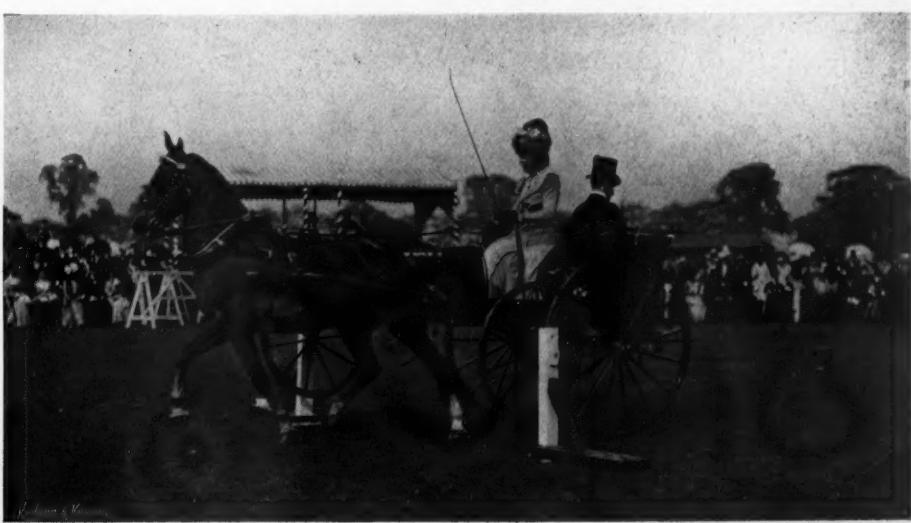
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up a bending course between *paper mache* pegs, to turn round a post and to come back through a straight line. The pace had been a fair trot, and marks were given for pace, form, and style. Once the first event was started there was no pause or hitch till the last had been won or lost.

Three ladies distinguished themselves, and they were all very good—Mrs. Frederick Robb, Mrs. Jack Gouldsmith, and Miss Flora Hastings.

There are very few ladies who can combine strength and fineness of touch in driving a pair of horses in the ring to as great an extent as Mrs. Robb. I have seen her competing for some years, and each time she shows improvement in her style, and what I suppose I may call coachmanship. The best exhibition of the afternoon was her driving of a very smart pair of chestnuts, with which she beat Mrs. Ernest Kennedy's greys, also a neat pair and well driven. In the singles, Mrs. Jack Gouldsmith drove with a very neat cob, High Binder, to which she did justice in the ring.

There were but two competitors



W. A. Rouch. MRS. F. ROBB DRIVES THROUGH THE WHEEL.

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W. A. Rouch.

MISS FLORA HASTINGS WINS.

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We do not forget how much of the success of these entertainments and of the club itself is due to Dr. Hastings's forethought, task, and energy.

Altogether the afternoon was a great success — fine weather, the grounds lovely, and a tremendous crowd. The day after these notes appear will be the Ranelagh Pony Show, which is always worth seeing.

SPORTING GOSSIP.

THE idea of extending International sport, so far as this country and America are concerned, by instituting a competition between the show bulldogs of England and the United States, is a clever idea of the members of the South London Bulldog Club, an association which is doing very much for the benefit of a breed whose position just at present is not so favourable as it should be. Already over £100 has been subscribed towards the object, and as the American dog lovers have for several years been buying our best blood, the competition for the International Cup should be both keen and interesting. Now that so much money has been forthcoming, the main difficulty has been got over, but there still remains the fact that dogs entering this country have to be placed in quarantine, whilst the selection of a judge may cause a little trouble. However, even if the former obstacle cannot be overcome by a graceful concession on the part of Mr. Walter Long, it will have to be a case of the English bulldogs paying a visit to America to compete, whilst the judicial appointment should be easily arranged by the indulgence of a little give and take. It will be interesting, however, to learn what part such bulldogs as Rodney Stone and Bromley Crib will take in the proceedings, as they are English

at Ranelagh, but why describe an exhibition as a hound show and eliminate the classes for two such important members of the family, and at the



W. A. Rouch.

MISS FLORA HASTINGS AND SENSATION.

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same time make room for breeds which possess no title whatever to the designation hound?

There appears to be a probability that when the racecourse at Wembley Park is laid out the existing half mile trotting track will be cut through and so completely destroyed. Should this be the case, however, it is scarcely likely that much grief will prevail in sporting circles, as trotting is a pursuit which has never succeeded in popularising itself in this country, having been hitherto confined to a very restricted number of supporters, who have not always been able to get on amongst themselves. At the same time there ought to be no reason why the national sport of America should not flourish here if only a few gentlemen of position were to take the matter in hand. At present Lord Beresford and Messrs. Walter and Louis Winans appear to be the only hopes of the trotting world, but the first-named confines the appearances of his pace and action American-bred Pilot to horse shows, whilst neither of the latter are in the habit of patronising the Wembley handicaps. No doubt the methods adopted by some of the British patrons of the trotting track have not commended themselves to sportsmen, and hence the parlous state into which the sport has drifted; but a few good men



W. A. Rouch.

DISTRIBUTING THE PRIZES.

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born and bred animals, though just purchased by an American citizen temporarily resident in England. Unless the above notable champions take part in the proceedings, the competition will resemble the play of "Hamlet" with the Prince of Denmark omitted, and it may be added that there are some other well-known English winners which have only recently crossed the Atlantic, and their positions will have to be defined.

The arrangements for the Ranelagh Hound Show, which is fixed to take place on June 9th, a most unfortunate date, as it happens to be the second day of the Richmond Horse Show, which is sure to be attended by all the residents in the district, are the subject of some comment in canine circles. The reason of this is that whilst foxhounds and harriers are omitted from the classification, such varieties as Great Danes and whippets are included in it, which really seems to be a little absurd. No doubt the shadow of the great Peterborough gathering, which is fixed for June 27th and 28th, would be likely to obscure the effect of the foxhound and harrier classes

such as those referred to above could soon succeed in elevating trotting in England if they set to work in earnest, and a serious move on their part would certainly be warmly welcomed by many who love a speedy harness horse.

Although the form displayed by the men who take part in the Oxford and Cambridge May races cannot be expected to throw much light upon the result of next year's University Race, there is no doubt that such events exercise considerable influence upon those who have the duty of selecting the crews for the Trial Eights entrusted to them. Consequently the friends of Oxford will be gratified to learn that riverside critics have expressed themselves as being highly pleased with the improvement effected by several men who narrowly missed gaining their Blues last spring, and all of whom will be available next year. The Cambridge week commences on June 7th, and here, too, the practice of the crews has been the subject of most favourable comment. First Trinity with three Blues and three Trial Eight men occupying seats are showing particularly fine form, and appear certain to retain their position as Head of the River, but "Third," with also three Blues and a couple of Freshmen who rowed in the Trial Eights are pretty sure to give them a race, and no doubt these two crews are the best on the river. This circumstance it is to be trusted will not produce the effect of having the individually good men belonging to other colleges overlooked when the Trial Eights are made up next term, as nothing affects University rowing more prejudicially than the existence of a "rowing college." This was fully proved by the assumed pre-eminence of First Trinity in the sixties, and later on by the assumption of superiority claimed by Trinity Hall with disastrous results to the 'Varsity when they met the Dark Blues at Putney.

So far, with the exception of Mr. Milligan, the well known Yorkshire cricketer, the gallant sportsmen who are serving their Queen and country in

South Africa have happily escaped a soldier's death; but, unfortunately, sickness has attacked several of their number. Amongst these are Mr. Reginald Ward, the popular gentleman rider and owner of steeplechasers, and Mr. R. P. Lewis, the Oxford wicket-keeper, both of whom are on their way home, having been invalidated from the front. *Abreus* of sportsmen who have taken up arms, it may be remarked that although Mr. C. B. Fry is frequently referred to as being in South Africa—indeed, one enterprising journal has gone the length of publishing his likeness amongst those of some gallant yeomen, to his great vexation—the truth is that the old Oxford treble Blue is at home playing cricket, as a reference to the batting averages conclusively proves.

An entry of 224 horses at the Bath show of the Bath and West and Southern Counties Society, which commenced on Wednesday, is a highly satisfactory response to the efforts of the energetic secretary, Mr. Plowman, and his council to secure support. The quality of the hunter classes was, moreover, extremely satisfactory, and as it is the misfits of this variety of horse which provide the best stamp of cavalry remount, the annual show excited more interest than usual. It may be added that the total entry of live stock extended to 1,465 head.

Mr. R. E. Foster, the Oxford captain, has recently achieved a record in University cricket, having succeeded in compiling three consecutive scores of over a century each.

The extinction of the British professional sculler appears to have become an accomplished fact, but none the less considerable interest is likely to be taken in the meeting of the Australians—Wray and Towns—who, having overcome their differences as to whether the race between them shall be rowed on the Thames or the Tyne, will row for the championship and the *Sportsman* cup from Putney to Mortlake in a few weeks time.

A QUAIN MEMORIAL OF THE PAST.

NO one can go far in England without coming across something to remind him of former times. It is generally a church, often a castle (probably in ruins), or a venerable gateway, and not seldom it is a house speaking of the lives of long-dead Englishmen, gentle and simple. Amid much that has been jealously guarded through the ages, a great deal has perished, and the flocking of rural workers to the great towns has resulted in a crowding that has been responsible for much destruction of English architecture, while the country left behind has often been subjected to the influences of decay. Something of haunting dread is with the thoughtful wayfarer, that the charming memorials of his ancestors that greet his eyes are slowly perishing, and vanishing one by one. Will the fabled

even here the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings may one day find need for its activity. That society is now doing excellent work in seeing to it that the undercroft, or mediæval hall, in Simnel Street, Southampton, and the church of Stratford-Bow are preserved. It is an aggressive society. Let a country gentleman buy an ancient house and set about to adapt it to his taste or needs, and the society will sometimes step in and point out a truer way. Human nature being what it is, we may conceive that antagonism might perchance arise in such case. But still, the work is good, and we may all wish well to the society that undertakes, out of pure zeal, to preserve our ancient buildings for us.

And now we turn to that delightful Wiltshire village of



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THE MARKET PLACE AND VILLAGE INN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

New Zealander, standing upon the broken arch of London Bridge, survey the ruins of St. Paul's with the same hallowing interest that we feel in the exemplars of the life of our sires?

There is nothing that speaks so plainly of the life of rural England as the village cross. Between that quaint structure and the church lay the existence of the rustic Englishman and the old handworker. In the one he found the ministrations that were needful for his higher being, and the light for the future pathway; about the other was centred all the business of farm, and stock, and produce, of loom and fulling-mill, that filled his mundane existence. Probably nowhere in England is there a sweeter example of the village cross than that which still adorns the Wiltshire village of Castle Combe, nestling in a hollow on the southern side of the Cotswolds, and some six miles away from Chippenham town. Is that quaint memorial destined to disappear? We believe that it is well guarded, and trust that the revival of country life, which it is the pleasure of these pages to record, may long conduce to its preservation. Yet, perhaps,

Castle Combe, with that exquisite mediæval cross at one end of it, and the three-arch bridge over the swiftly-flowing Box Brook at the other. The village was once of greater consequence than it is now, for its flourishing clothing trade has departed, and no longer, as you walk down the village street, can you hear from the open doors the busy rattle of the loom. The population has diminished with the departure of trade, and the ancient market is disused. But the former prosperity of Castle Combe explains the excellent character of the substantial houses of limestone that line the village street. These are mostly admirable examples of the picturesque dwellings of our rural people two or three centuries ago, with mullioned windows and high roofs, and wide fire-places within.

The ruined castle upon the hill marks the fact that nobles had their dwellings here. Among the successive lords were Earl Reginald, half-brother and champion of the Empress Maud, the Dunstanvilles, Montforts, De la Mares, Badlesmeres, Tiptofts, and Scropes, while the famous Sir John Fastolf for half

a century possessed the manor on a somewhat questionable claim. Leland recorded the fact that "This Lordship now longgith to one Scrope." As a matter of fact it belonged to the family of Lord Scrope of Bolton for something like 500 years. The latest residents of that house were William Scrope, author of "Days and Nights of Deer-stalking," and "Days and Nights of Salmon Fishing," and his son, G. Poulett Scrope, M.P., author of an excellent history of the manor and ancient barony of Castle Combe. The place was bought in 1867 by Mr. E. C. Lowndes, and the modern house and garden have recently been illustrated and described in these pages.

The Scropes saw the building of the village cross. Their prosperity was much bound up with the business that centred about it, and they witnessed the departure of the artificers, who were the bulk of the population in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. In Aubrey's time the place had become chiefly agricultural, and he speaks of the sheep fair on St. George's Day as the most celebrated in Northern Wiltshire, "whither sheep-masters do come from as far as Northamptonshire."

The good cross and market-house attracted his attention, but he said the market was then inconsiderable.

There are fine market crosses at Malmesbury and Salisbury

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A PICTURESQUE GROUPING.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

with which that at Castle Combe might be compared. It stands in the midst of the village, adjacent to the fine church of St. Andrew, and at a place where three roads meet. There is a square pedestal of stone upon two steps, the pedestal being carved with quatrefoil panels, garnished in the centre with shields and roses alternately. From this springs the shaft, piercing the picturesque pyramidal roof and capped by a finial. The roof is supported by four massive shafts, upon which rest the wooden beams under the eaves. Up to about the year 1840 a group of picturesque old houses stood detached in the centre of the market-place near the cross, forming a kind of open market-house with arches below and a room above. Long before the poor laws were established the village elders were accustomed to meet in this room, there to discuss affairs, to consult together as to the relief of the indigent, to distribute alms, and on high festivals to feast together, and to drink, with much ceremony, the "church ale," which had been brewed on the spot from a time to which the memory of man ran not to the contrary.

They had to take account of the orders of the Manor Court in many matters for the public good and the good of the lord. Thus, in 1590, the inhabitants were ordered to repair the town cross by Christmas Day, "sub pena cujuslibet ijs. iiijd." and failing therein the parish was "amersed." The best ale was sold in Castle Combe in those days at a penny a quart, and the "small" at half the sum, but no "ine-keper, comunn brewer or typler" might sell it during hours of divine service; neither could he sell his grain out of the town if the town dwellers would buy it at 2d. the bushel. "Mine host" was in fact closely ruled. He was to have sufficient wood, coal, and fuel



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THE VILLAGE SEEN FROM THE CROSS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

for the keeping of his hospitality, or he would hear of it and pay forfeit to the tune of 3s. 4d. on the view of the constable or "tything man." Another thing—interesting to remember when there is so much talk of rifle clubs and markmanship—much discussed in that market house must have been the setting up of the butts, ordered in 1590, to be done by the Invention of the Holy Cross, under a penalty every man of sixpence. Then there was the Sabbath-keeping order against the playing of cards and "shift-groat," and for the clothiers to close their shop windows,

the last, a marvel of latinity: "Ordinatum est ad hunc visum quod omnes lanii infra hunc visum quolibet die Solis claudent fenestras shopparum suarum in Castell-Combe ante secundum campanae sonitum ad preces matutinas"—the penalty five shillings. "Smoke pence" and "head silver" also had they to pay to the lord for their land. Such were some of the conditions of rustic life three centuries ago about that most picturesque and charming market cross, which is illustrated in these pages.

Major-General Baden-Powell—The Many-sided.

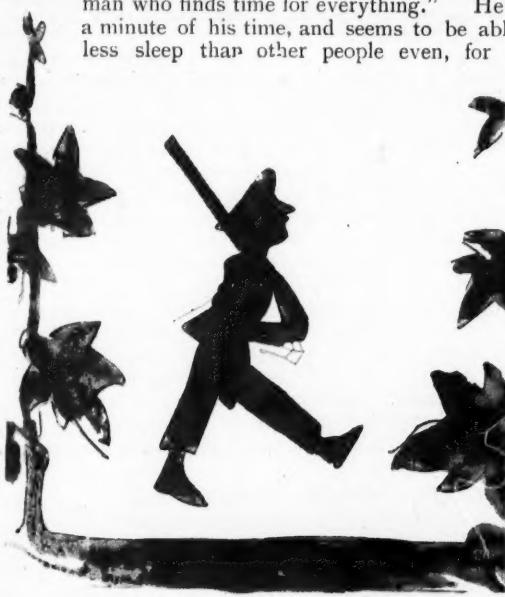
BY A LADY WHO KNOWS HIM WELL.

GENERAL BADEN-POWELL, "The Man of the Hour," the gallant commander and defender of Mafeking, is an excellent example of the saying that it is "the busy man who finds time for everything." He never wastes a minute of his time, and seems to be able to do with less sleep than other people even, for in India he

managed to do more than anyone on five hours' sleep in the night and none at all during the day, in the hottest of weathers. It was impossible for him to remain quiet. Often during intervals of polo, when he had to stand out

bicycled with the men, and a fine procession they made, for among other things Colonel Baden-Powell started was a bicycle club in the regiment, from which the men could hire machines by the hour or buy by instalments, as he thought the more exercise and air the men took the fitter they would keep, and he also believed it all helped to keep them out of the canteens.

But, to return to his picnic, which was to take place on a small hill, on the top of which used to be the fort where in the Mutiny all the women and children lived. There Colonel Baden-Powell had had tables and chairs sent, and they all had an excellent tea; after which he started a small gymkhana for the men and women, nomination races, and all sorts of amusing events for which he gave prizes, much to the surprise and pleasure of all. They went back as they came, and talked of the fun their colonel had given them for many a long day. I tell you this to show you how much



Lancer Pattern No. 1

to let others have a turn, he would go off and play a hole or two at golf to keep himself fit.

In India, where he commanded the 5th Dragoon Guards, he found time not only to command them so well that their annual report was the best of any regiment out there—cavalry or infantry, British or native—but he went pig-sticking and shooting, sketched a great deal, acted in regimental plays, and all sorts of things, and the amount he did for, and the interest he took in, the wives and families of the men in his command was wonderful. He knew all the women and children by name, and used to get up bicycle teas for them. One such he gave just before he left, as it was hoped then, only for four months, leave—at Sialkot—to all the men, women, and bigger children in the regiment. All those who had bicycles rode, and the women who didn't were driven in the brake. Colonel Baden-Powell and some of the officers

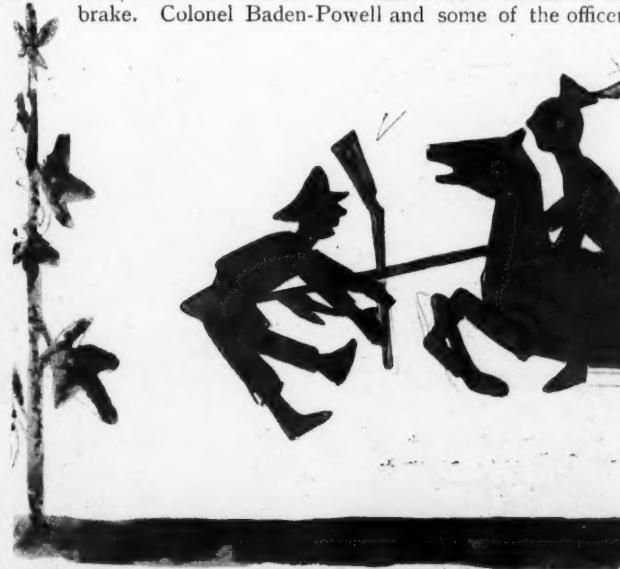


Lancer Pattern No. 2

he did out of the ordinary way to help to make the men, women, and children happy. He was very anxious to help the women to earn some money, and before he went on leave in May he worked out a plan, which, with the help of some of the ladies, he hoped to have carried

every week all the women who could find time were to come to a barrack-room, which he was eager to fit up as a workroom, where the women would be taught fancy needlework, and while they sewed one of the ladies would read aloud. He intended to give the women tea, and he hoped to get up some music, too, for them.

He thought it all out carefully and in detail, studied articles on village needlework, and he was going to have got up an exhibition in India of needlework by soldiers' wives, where he hoped they would be able to sell their



Lancer Pattern No. 3



Lancer Pattern No. 4

work well and get it known, too. He had had no time to draw designs for what is called, I think, village tapestry, before he left Sialkot to go home on leave, but he managed to draw out and fill in two excellent designs for table cloths. This he did on his journey down to Bombay in May, and anyone who has travelled in India during May will

have a good idea what this means. One was a polo design, and the other that of a lancer. The figures which are shown in the illustrations are full of life, though only black, and he even ruled the pattern out into squares to help in the work of increasing or diminishing. He evidently has a happy knack of making work amusing, and his men, I expect, learnt without knowing it.

Colonel Baden-Powell is a great advocate for cavalry being well up in scouting, and used to have competitions and give prizes for the best scouting sections. He believed Conan Doyle's "Adventures of Sherlock Holmes" would teach the men the habit of observation and of subsequent deductions, so he gave as presents copies of this amusing and clever book to all the squadrons, and I expect the men did learn a lot, for the books looked well read and thumbed.

Colonel Baden-Powell is a most wonderful mimic, and can alter his voice so completely that I defy anyone to recognise it.

among the women - so that they
may learn useful needlework,
make some money by fancy work,
meet together a see papers or
hear music or readings etc.

I shd. supply a sewing machine
and Miss Jordan, the Scholmister,
would manage the show and
instruction.

They might meet in her school
some convenient evening every week



Lancer Pattern Complete

Here is an excellent story of the manner in which he took in a large circle of friends who knew him well. It was at Simla in 1897. One afternoon it struck him it would be great fun to pretend to be a foreigner, so he asked a friend to join him, and that evening they dined together and made up their faces, but wore their ordinary dress clothes, and in company with one of the Commander-in-Chief's A.D.C.'s went to the theatre as Signor Léoni (Colonel Baden-Powell), an Italian, who had come up to ask permission to go to the Tirah, and Mr. René Bull (his friend), who wanted to go to the front, too, for *Black and White*. At first Colonel Baden-Powell, thinking people would recognise his face, kept in the back of the box, but finding no one did, he was conducted by the A.D.C. round to several of the boxes between the acts, and introduced as a distinguished foreigner who had come out to try and get up to the front. Knowing as he did all the people he talked to, he was able to ask them questions which led to (to him) very amusing answers. To one lady, whose great weakness was

as sew, talk, read, etc. - I
would provide tea and lightning.
BUT - if a lady would take
a interest in the thing and
read or play or talk to them
at the meeting it would make
the whole difference in its
success.

If you should feel curiosiy
in the subject after this note, I
can give you a way of finding
out more about it and that

pretending she knew everyone all over the world, he said in broken English, "I think I have met you before at balls at the Italian Embassy in London. Ah! I thought so—often going about on the arm of a military-looking gentleman. Let me see, what was his name?" and so on, to the great delight of the lady, who went about the rest of the evening saying, "So charming meeting Signor Léon again, we used to have such dances together in town at the embassies." To another lady, whose weakness he knew was pretending she knew nothing of India, he said, looking round the house, "Do you consider this a thoroughly representative society?" and she said, to his huge delight, "I am afraid I can't tell you, as I, like yourself, am only on a visit."

There is no end to the amusing conversations he had that evening. Finding no one had guessed at his identity, he, his friend, and the A.D.C. went to a ladies' supper party, where he continued to enjoy himself. After a time he thought he noticed that one lady was beginning to have suspicions, and he felt he must do something to stop her telling others. So, gradually, he pretended to get drunk; and I wish you could have seen him act it as he did to me some years afterwards—it was perfect, and so funny. He got so bad that at last the ladies with their daughters got up and said they must go. Signor Léon rose unsteadily to his feet and managed to get out, "I will go vis the ladies, I never leave the ladies," and tried to follow them, but was stopped by an irate husband, who said, "No you don't, sir, you're not in a fit state." All the ladies having gone by then, Colonel Baden-Powell pulled off his wig and bowed to his friends. They had

been, every one of them, completely taken in. I heard later that everyone completely forgave him his trick, and joined in the laugh heartily. When he went through it all to me, I could quite understand why no one recognised him. It was wonderful. He played the same trick on his brother officers once at the mess, sending a note over to the mess president, asking them to look after a friend of his, a foreigner, as he was dining out and couldn't be there. All the officers agreed that this foreigner was the most amusing man they had met for many a long day, and never found out it was their own colonel. I forgot to tell you that the day after his Simla joke he was asked by a lot of men at the club, who hadn't been at the supper, why he wasn't at the theatre the night before, and told of the two strangers, and how amusing the foreigner was.

At a soldier concert he was to sing a song, and asked a lady to accompany him, which she did; but he sang so flat, and she was miserable, and all his friends listening felt sorry for him. Many of them sneaked out of the room "sooner than watch the dear old chap make a fool of himself." After a verse or two, to the accompanist's astonishment, he stopped and pretended to abuse

her. "How could he sing if she would play his accompaniment all wrong?" etc. He made her get up, sat down, played, and sang quite correctly, and only then did people see he had been acting. He draws figures, people, and animals beautifully, but declares he can't manage scenery. During his busy soldier's life he very often found time to spend a couple of hours sketching, and being asked to send something to help a fine art exhibition that was to be started in Kashmir, he drew in

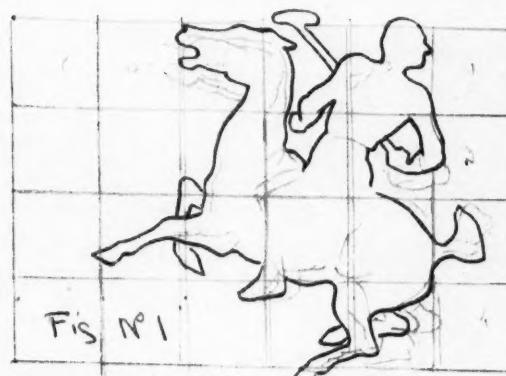


Fig. N° 1

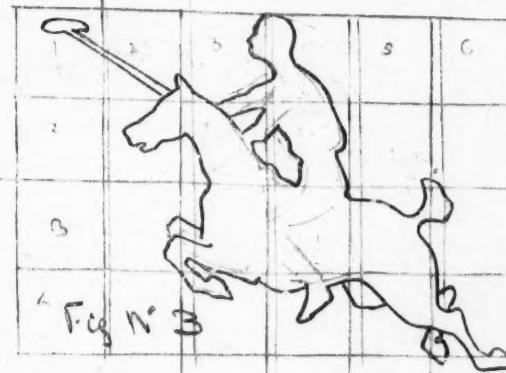


Fig. N° 3

Polo Pattern

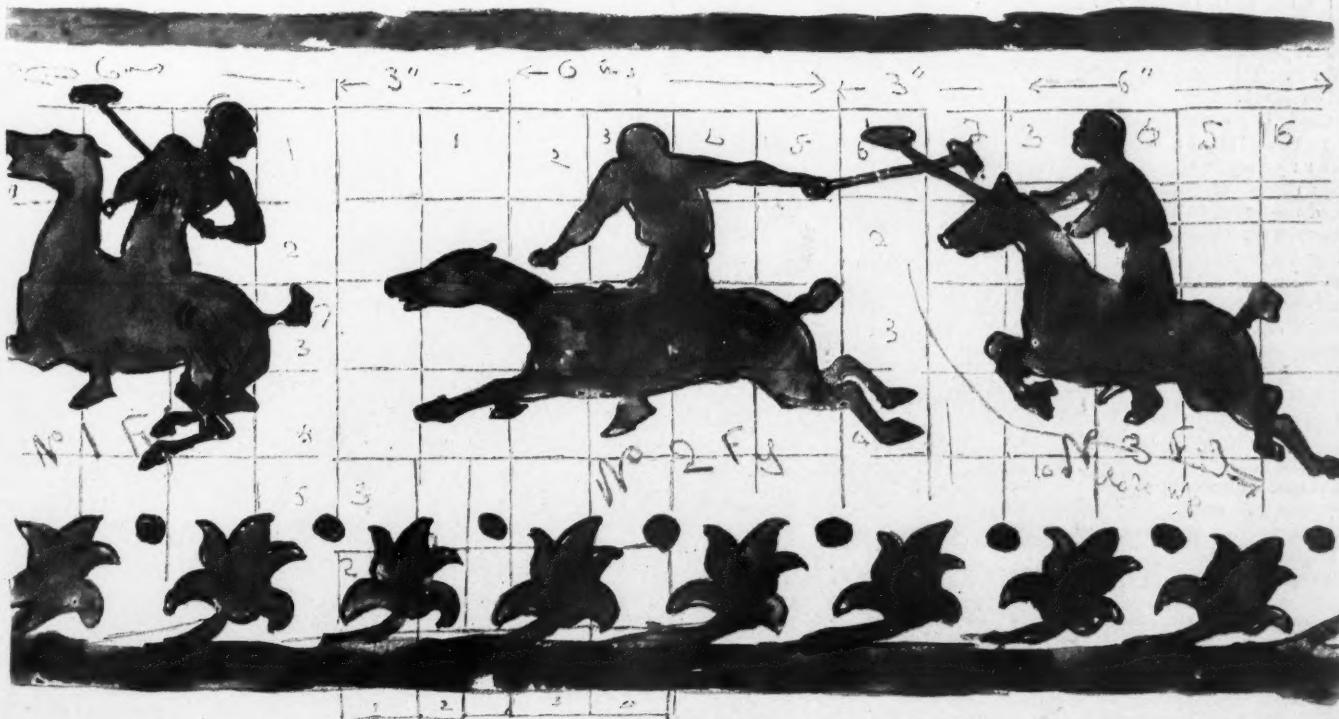
Each figure 6 inches long & 3 inches between, ~~2" wide~~ white border, 12" deep.

Figures red thin cloth. Borders were to. Ground coarse white

country cotton cloth 28" wide - If required add some of the figures.

Reversed as above.

24 x 28" wide.



a few days at odd moments and sent them a couple of very clever pictures. One a pen and ink sketch of a native cavalryman tent-pegging, the other a lovely bit of colouring—just a tiny picture of his little shikari quail-boy. Colonel Baden-Powell loves entertaining, and many jolly dinners and suppers he has given to his lady friends in the mess and in his own bungalow.

He is very fond of children, and they all seem devoted to him, and in India the joke was if your children couldn't be found, at once to go over to Colonel Baden-Powell's house, for they would be certain to have been decoyed there by him.

We give this bright article precisely as it comes to us from the wife of an old brother officer of Major-General Baden-Powell. The sketches, which are from his hand, are full of life, and the whole is of peculiar interest as showing the many-sided cleverness, the energy, and the versatility of the man upon whom so much has depended of late.—ED.]



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

BLUE TITS.

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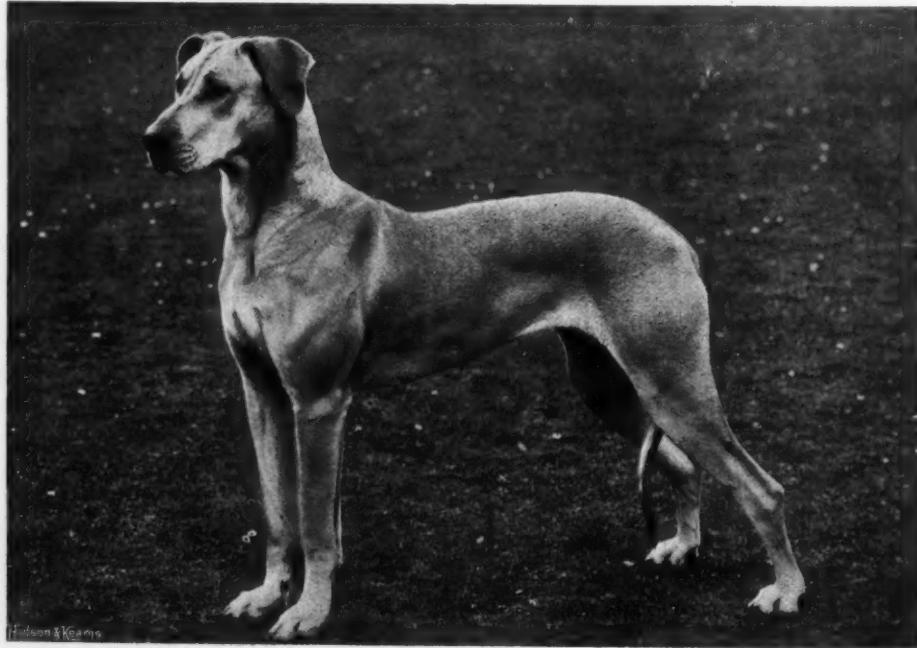
Mrs. Horsfall's Great Danes at Home.

"Dost thou in hounds aspire to deathless fame?
Learn well their lineage, and their ancient stem;
Each tribe with joy, old rustic heralds trace,
And sing the chosen worthies of their race.

"Near thy full table let the favourite stand,
Stroked by thy son's or blooming daughter's hand;
Caress, indulge, by arts, the matron bribe,
T' impove her breed, and teem a vigorous tribe."

From "A Fragment on Hunting Dogs."—TICKELL.

No breeder and exhibitor of Great Danes to-day has more fully carried out the advice given by a poet and dog lover of past years than Mrs. Violet Horsfall. Her grand dogs are to the front, carrying off championships and the principal awards at every big show in which she exhibits them, while the puppies and youngsters from her kennels are eagerly purchased by other breeders going in for the same grand breed of dogs. Though Great Danes are actually a breed of ancient lineage, not more than thirty years ago "Stonehenge" (Mr. J. H. Walsh)



T. Fall.

VALENTINE.

Copyright

Out in the Victoria.

WHEN our county families run into double figures in a single generation the world is given to asking what will become of them? The paternal acres must either be subdivided till they no longer give a living for the whole brood, or else the younger members must go out in the world and do the best they can for themselves, relying on their own industry, and the prestige of that admirable creation of Edward I., the eldest son by right of entail. But birds are a fine democracy, older than the institution of primogeniture. The eldest and strongest may gain the advantage in the nest; but once outside it, everyone of the brood is as good as the rest, unless he happens by constitution to be a little better equipped than his brothers and sisters.

Perhaps the bird on the top spray in our picture is the one destined to succeed in life. But as this only means gaining the privilege of bringing up two similar families in the next and all succeeding years until he goes to the place where good blue tits go, it is not a matter of great moment, except to the market gardeners, from whose fruit trees the blue-tits pick off the grubs and eggs of noxious insects. To them it is really a matter of importance. They would do well to set up nesting-places, which is the same thing as providing homes for the junior members. It has never been settled which of the family succeeds to the family hole, which means the family house. Does the eldest marry his grandmother, or is there a dower house for spinsters? Blue-tits always look young, so we suppose the grandmothers have a good time and marry again.

refused to give them a place in his first edition of "Dogs of the British Isles," but Mr. Rawdon B. Lee in Vol. I. of his sporting division of "Modern Dogs" thus writes of them: "I am one who believes that a hundred years ago there was in Ireland a Great Dane, not a wolfhound proper, but an actual Great Dane just as he is known to-day."

Herr Otto-Kreckwitz of Munich gives the Great Dane a still more illustrious classical descent. He says: "The nearest approach to the German dogge (the Great Dane of our time) is one represented on a Greek coin from Panormos, dating from the fifth century B.C., and now in the Royal Museum, Munich. This dog with cropped ears is exactly our long-legged, elegant dogge with a graceful neck." The same famous authority on this and other now popular breeds objects to the name of Great Dane, arguing that as he was made in Germany he should be called the German dogge, for the self-same reason that makes us speak of the English mastiff, but as at no distant date most of

the best to be exhibited on our show benches will have been bred and born in English kennels, and by such thoroughly English fanciers as Mrs. Horsfall and Mr. Robert Leadbetter, we, as patriots, will object to that appellation.

It was in 1884 that (the Kennel Club having that year recognised Great Danes in their Stud Book) classes were provided for them at the Birmingham Show, and in June of the following year a show of Great Danes only was held in the grounds of the Ranelagh Club. It was about this period, too, that residents in London first became familiar with these immense dogs—of course I refer to people who at that time rarely frequented a dog show. That clever artist Mr. Herbert Schmaltz had a fine specimen of the breed, which always accompanied him wherever he went, and which he introduced into one of his famous pictures, "The Temple of Eros," which was hung on the line in the Royal Academy of either that or the following year. Mr. Dicksee painted a charming picture of a tiny girl with her arms round the neck of a Dane; the picture was called "Her First Love."

But to return to Mrs. Horsfall and her dogs. For some years her kennels were in the park of Redgrave Hall, Diss, in Norfolk. Redgrave is the well known affix of Champion Hannibal and many others she has bred. About a year ago, however, she migrated to Thorngrave, a few miles from the historic city of Worcester, and it was to this beautiful new home of hers that my visit was paid in the autumn of last year. A cheery welcome, and I was soon asking eagerly for tidings of various canine friends whom I had not seen for several months, and for news of litters of puppies as yet unseen by my eyes. The king of all these grand dogs is, of course, the famous tiger brindle, Champion Hannibal of Redgrave, who is too well known to need



T. Fall.

COMPANIONS.

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any further description. The number of his firsts and championships is practically innumerable, and at the Summer Show of the Ladies' Kennel Association in the Botanic Gardens, Regent's Park, he was awarded the honour of champion of champions. He is now nearly six years old, having been born on the 9th of June, 1894. He is by Hannibal ex Emma II.; breeder, Mr. J. H. Leder.

The spacious and comfortable kennels are practically a *terra incognita* to Hannibal, whose home name is Hanni; he is completely a house pet, and roams from one to another of his mistress's rooms at his own sweet will, knowing he is welcome everywhere. He is essentially a gentleman in all his ways. One of the curious things I noticed about him is his unfailing habit of curling himself up into a ball when sleeping or resting in front of the fire, unlike all other big dogs I

have seen, who invariably stretch themselves out at full length. Mrs. Horsfall imported Champion Hannibal from the Hague in 1896, but previous to that time he had taken several first prizes, both there and at Amsterdam. He was one of the sensations of Cruft's Show in 1897, when he succeeded in beating the great continental crack, Bosco Colonia, a lovely silver fawn dog, owned by Herr Dobbleman, jun., of Rotterdam.

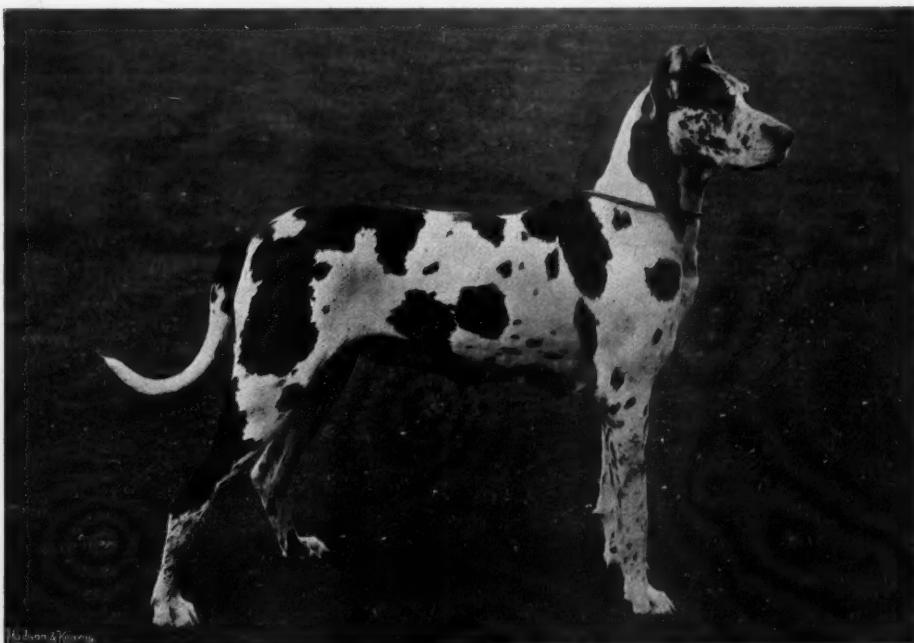
Senior to Champion Hannibal, and occupying a scarcely less important place in Mrs. Horsfall's kennels, is Champion Emma of Redgrave, who is the mother of the famous champion dog himself. She is a fawn bitch, of great size and quality, with plenty of bone, a lovely head and neck, and with great depth of muzzle. She also is a big prize winner, though naturally she has been less frequently shown than her son Champion Hannibal. She is the dam of several other grand dogs and bitches. Two of these are Victor of Redgrave and Champion Valentine of Redgrave, own brother and sister, whose sire is Champion Bosco Colonia, Herr Dobbleman's lovely silver fawn dog, who has been already mentioned. Vanda of Redgrave is another handsome bitch, a rich red fawn in colour, bred by Mrs. Horsfall from



T. Fall.

EMMA.

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LOT.

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T. Fall.

VESTA.

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her own pair of champions, Hannibal and Selwood Ninon; she is now a little more than three years old. Another beautiful fawn dog is Viking, who is by Champion Hannibal ex Champion Valentine. In head properties and intensely concentrated expression he strongly resembles his beautiful grandmother, Champion Emma; his legs and feet are also exceptionally good, and there can be no doubt as to his being a future champion.

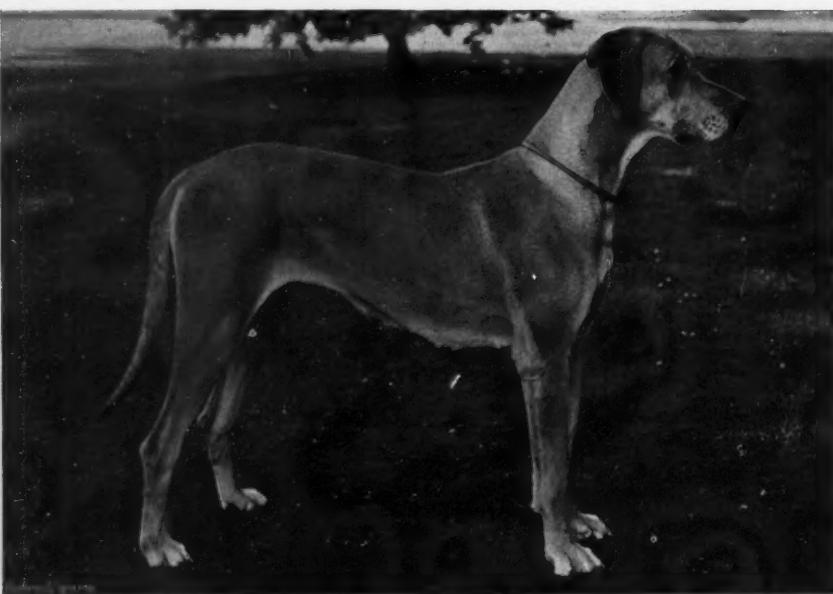
Mrs. Horsfall's team of grown up fawns is composed of Champion Emma, Vanda Valentine, and Viking. She has an equal number of brindles, headed by Champion Hannibal; next in the place of honour to him comes his sister Bella of Redgrave, '94; she strongly resembles him in shape, colouring, and general expression. Like him, she was imported from Holland by Mrs. Horsfall, and brought with her the reputation of being one of the best bitches on the continent. Viceroy—his home name is Roy—is a magnificent brindle, and was born in March of last year. He stands already 33in. at the shoulder; his legs are perfectly straight, and he has most splendid bone; he has a grand head, and if cropped he would be an exact reproduction of his sire Champion Hannibal. Viceroy and Viking are litter brothers.



T. Fall.

BELLA.

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VANDA.

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unnoticed under any circumstances, but no one could secure her. At last, however, she was captured, and the runaway girl was persuaded to return to her home, which she finds such a happy one that there is no fear of her ever wanting again to stray from it. Nora of Redgrave is also an imported bitch; she has an exceptionally fine head and neck, and always shows herself splendidly. This grand trio each took firsts and other prizes at Earl's Court. Lot has, I believe, never been beaten any time she has been exhibited. Vera is another bitch from whom good puppies may be expected, as she is as perfect in points as any of the others, but she has not yet been shown.

Lot was specially imported for breeding harlequins, and well is she fulfilling her mission. At the time of my visit she was the proud mother of ten grand puppies, seven of them harlequins and three black. With such a number of really first-rate puppies coming on, the fame of Mrs. Horsfall is certain to grow even more widely known if possible than it is at the present time. It is a pleasant sight to see Mrs. Horsfall surrounded by her dogs; every day she goes through a certain routine. Immediately after breakfast she goes

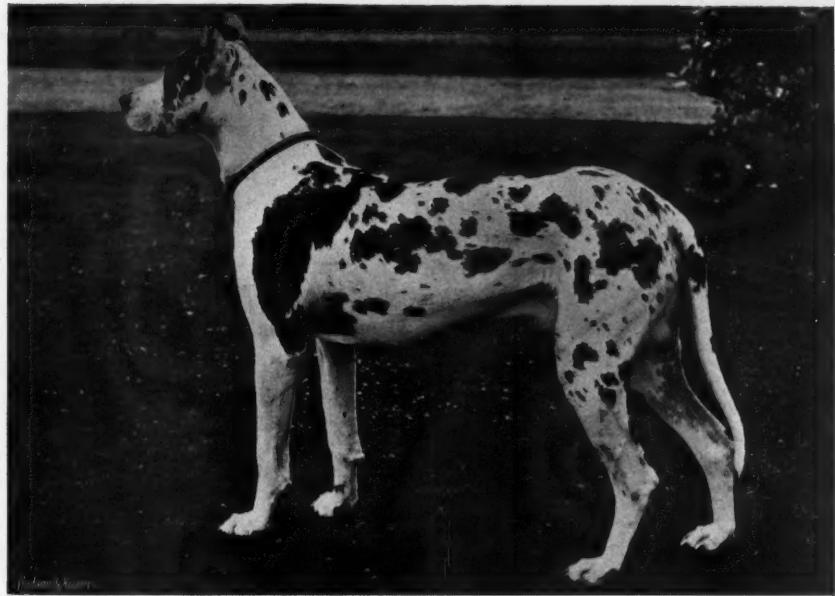
Roona, whose registered name is Verona, is another brindle bitch on the small side, but a perfect picture; she is own sister to Viceroy and Viking. Mrs. Horsfall is an admirer of the harlequin Great Danes, and in her kennels are to be found four very fine specimens of this variety, including Lord Ronald, Lot, Vera, and Nora. Lord Ronald of Redgrave was one of the magnificent team of harlequins brought by Mrs. Horsfall to the Earl's Court Show of last December. He is a most sensible dog, who, during those three terrible days of fog and frost, which will always be remembered by everyone who was present, kept himself buried comfortably in his nice clean straw all the time he was on his bench; his wise example was followed by many of his kennel companions. Lot of Redgrave is a magnificent harlequin bitch, and not a dog, as many would suppose from her decidedly masculine name; she also is an imported one, and is now between five and six years old; she is by Marco ex Rissolda; breeder, Mr. Mulder.

Mrs. Horsfall tells a story about Lot, which, as all's well that ends well, is amusing. Two days after she came to her new home, she escaped from her kennel and literally ran away.

She was absent for ten days, while the country round was thoroughly scoured in the search for her. She was seen by many people, as she was far too handsome and remarkable to pass

off to the kennels, and exercises in turn every individual member of her splendid dogs; all the brindles and fawns go out together, and make a fine pack. Lord Ronald is one of the finest jumpers ever seen. It is a grand sight to watch this magnificent dog come in his gallop across the lawn and take the sunk fence and the ditch beyond it in his long swinging stride like an old steeplechaser. One and all combine to a marvellous extent grace, strength, and agility.

All the dogs have their principal meal about midday; this Mrs. Horsfall also usually superintends, and satisfies herself that each one has had a good meal, and that it has not only been *given* but duly *eaten* before she goes into her own lunch. Rabbits are a continual source of amusement and—must I say it?—of disobedience. While on their daily "Church Parade," the most angelic behaviour characterises the movements of each dog, when a rabbit pops up! just to see how things are going on in the world above their warren—this is too much for canine equanimity, and off they go after them. They chivy them, they hunt them; then suddenly, when Mr. and Mrs. Rabbit has retreated into his or her hole, and there is no further chance of sport, they remember, or rather pretend to just recognise, the fact that their mistress is calling them, and hurry back to her with an avidity which would by their



T. Fall.

LORD RONALD.

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movements and expression assure her that she is their one and only thought and joy. To make a long story short Mrs. Horsfall's kennels are as good as good can be.

BEAGLE.

Coming of Spring in France.

Of course its coming is delayed even here, as in less favoured climates, but in less degree. There is something of the same hope deferred and heart-sickness. For a long while a rather larger kind of the willow warbler, either the wood-wren or the chiff-chaff (but a silent chiff-chaff), has been about in the gardens, and one has tried to regard him as a harbinger of the new time; but in truth he is rather to be considered as a winter resident who may be forced a little further south, indeed, by a spell of unusual cold and consequent death or disappearance of his insect food, and will return when the cold snap is over. He is really at the northern margin of his winter migration here, dodging a little further south or north according to the exigencies, but is hardly to be looked-on as a herald of spring. If we could hear his chiff-chaffing note, we should welcome it, but it does not yet sound.

Then there is a warm day or two, and several things happen that are not really a sign of spring but only of warmth. The lizards come out and bask or glide on the rocks. These are the little brown fellows common everywhere. But besides them the rarer big green lizard, which we do not have in England, will be drawn out, by the heat, from his hole in the turf, and will lie about on a sunny tuft of grass ready to bolt back down his hole again at the first sign of danger. Similarly the mole crickets will come forth to the mouth of their burrows and sit there. No man yet has ever been sharp enough to intercept them before they have bolted down, but the boys of the country will worry at them with pliant sticks pushed down the holes until they come out for sake of quiet—out of the frying-pan into the fire. Moreover, from every moist place in the world there seems to come a chorus of the tree frogs' croaks. Grasshoppers, that are almost locusts, by the length of the jump that they prolong by spreading wings, abound in the grass.

But as yet there has been no immigration, no visitation on the part of migrating birds sojourning awhile on their way northward. It has only been a resuscitation of life already, and all through the winter, dormant in the ground. These are the symptoms that a warm day or two will develop; they are scarcely to be called signs of the coming of spring.

The first of these signs, to be properly called so, is the wheatear's arrival. The birds run over the ground, perch on a



Photo. Alice Hughes,

MISS AGNETA STRACHAN AND BARBARA WAKE-WALKER AND "SLUMP."

52, Gower Street.

hummock, flirt tails, and away again with a low scudding flight; you recognise with delight all the characteristic motions that you have not seen for six months or so. A few days after the wheat-ear the swallow ought to put in an appearance; but if the weather be cold, the swallows, dependent for their food supply on the winged insects, may be as much as a fortnight behind the wheat-ears. Here the swallows proper are the first arrivals of their kind. With us it is generally the martins, first the sand martins, that we see before the swallows. With us, too, the willow wren is the first comer of the warblers. It is not so here.

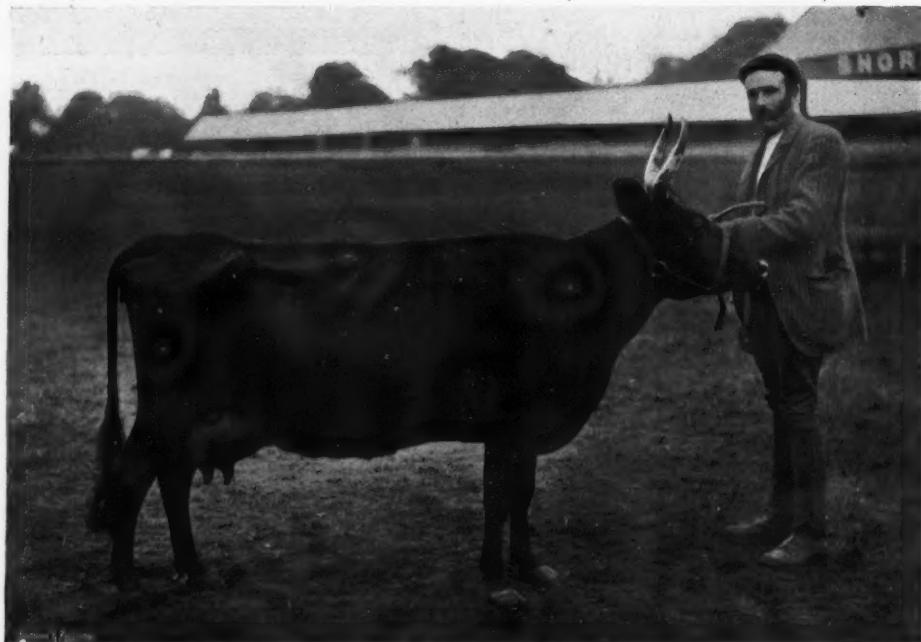
One swallow does not make a summer, and you may expect many cold days after they have appeared, but generally the cold will not last long. Then on a morning you awake to find every bush in the world, as it seems to you, full of willow wrens. These tiny birds have come in in multitudes, as it appears, during the night, and often on a moonless night. At all events they were not there yesterday; but to-day every bush is full of the little creatures, especially the low bushes, as if the birds were

tired and glad to rest as near the ground as possible. In the course of a day or so you will not find them in the lowly bushes. They have recovered their strength and energy and are gone hunting insects in the big trees. It always seems, after the first day, as if there were not nearly so many of them as when you saw them first, so that you are disposed to think that the great body of them has moved on further northward, leaving only stragglers behind. But probably it is more true that you do not see them so much because they are in the higher trees and do not rise out of every little bush you kick.

With their coming you may deem the spring fairly begun. You are not likely to go back seriously to the cold weather, though a few cold days are certain. But the little willow wrens are knowing people. Thenceforward the spring will progress, the migratory birds will come, one by one, demoiselle cranes will appear strutting overhead in long V-shaped lines, the scented daphne and all the wild flowers will soon fill the world with beauty and sweetness. Spring has come.

Dairy and other Cattle: Kerry and Dexter.

THE Prince of Wales and Lord Rosebery are, to some extent, responsible for the fashion of having little Irish cattle in English parks. It is an excellent fashion. Look at a typical Dexter cow, and observe what a fine combination she offers of compact, hardy frame and highly-developed milking capacity. Dry her and feed her, and she will give just those small joints diligently sought by the modern butcher, the beef of a high quality, too. Treat her as a dairy cow, and, for her size, there is no better milker. Mr. Macdonald, who was one of the first to see the great merits of the breed, places her average yield at from twelve to thirteen quarts daily, and ten of the quarts will yield a pound of butter. A Kerry or Dexter is the cow above all others to be recommended for family purposes. Suppose, for instance, that you, the reader, are "something in the City," a something that enables you to live comfortably outside the radius, in a house with meadow attached, and you wish to provide your home with milk and butter, it is impossible to do better than by purchasing a Kerry. If you ask why, the answer will be as follows: She is first of all small cattle, and, while yielding an ample supply, will not overdo it. You do not want the trouble of having to dispose of milk not needed for



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EYVAND AU FREAS.

consumption. Secondly, she is inexpensive. On her native Kerry hills the feeding was never of the best, and she will thrive on rough pasture that a more delicate beast would boggle at.

Thirdly, she is very healthy, little liable to disease, and, therefore, not very likely to interrupt your financial or other meditations, with small worries and continual sending for the vet. Finally, she is a handsome creature, and will be an ornament to your glebe as well as a provider for your kitchen.

Whether you should have a Kerry or a Dexter is a matter of taste. The Kerry is said to be the true breed, only some have it that the Dexter is more so. It happened in this way: Early in the present century Lord Hawarden had an agent named Mr.—others have it Captain—Dexter, who bred the cow named after him. On one hand it is asserted that he crossed the Kerry, and on the other that he carefully selected such well-bred sires and dams as had developed the points that made up his ideal Kerry. The Dexter in any case is an offshoot of the Kerry; it is shorter legged, more thickset, and beefier. Probably the Dexter has greater potentialities as farm stock, while the Kerry is better for the private dairy. It is curious that while England, Scotland, and Wales possess many different breeds of cattle, this is the only Irish one, and it is the smallest of all. Rosemary, Mr.



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BAHA.

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Martin J. Sutton's famous cow, was only 3ft. 4in. at the shoulder. The late Mr. Oliphant Pringle recorded the measurements of a prize fat Kerry cow as follows: Height at shoulder, 38in.; length from shoulder-top to tail end, 42in. The well-known bull, Busaco, belonging to Mr. Robertson, of County Dublin, was 34in. at shoulder; 38in. from shoulder-top to tail end; girth behind shoulder, 50in. These measurements justify the

It is at present the aim of many breeders to increase the size of the Kerry, and fit her in that way for the purpose of the grazier. For this object she has been crossed with the shorthorn, the red-poll, and the polled Angus with satisfactory results—that is to say, good beef cattle have been produced. For dairy purposes Jersey blood has been introduced, without advantage, as far as the true Kerry is concerned, but successfully in the case of Dexters. It is doubtful, however, if any crossing will make the Kerry better for the small private dairy. She is almost an ideal cow already. By proper attention to the time of calving, a small number—three or so—can be made to yield a continuous supply of milk throughout the year.

At one time considerable latitude in regard to colour was permitted, and even red was admissible; but the taste now is for black with a small quantity of white. The general shape of a true Kerry should be slight, graceful, and deer-like. The late Mr. Oliphant Pringle describes it as "a light, neat, active animal, with fine and rather long limbs, narrow rump, fine, small head, lively, projecting eye full of fire and animation, with a fine cocked horn, tipped with black, and in colour either black or red. Cattle of this description weigh, when fat, about 4cwt., some even less; they fatten readily, and their beef is fine in the grain and very rich in flavour." How the tendency is to get them larger is curiously shown by the increase in the weight of those entered for the milking trials of the Dairy Show. In 1890 the average live weight was

640lb. Every year since it has been greater, last year reaching 890lb.—somewhat heavier than Jerseys are in their native island, where they average from 800lb. to 850lb. On these large cows Mr. Ashcroft's comment was: "Kerries and Dexters were of no particular merit, and certainly did not distinguish themselves in the milking trials." Breeders and exhibitors no doubt have perfectly good reasons from their point of view for trying to get size, but it is doubtful if they are doing the best for the dairy. At any rate, the original miniature type is to be preferred when the purpose of keeping them is only to supply a small private dairy.

Lord Ashburton has given a description of the Dexter that



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LA MANCHA MERRY BOY.

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description of the Kerry as a shorthorn in miniature. It is curious and interesting that a breed now sought for the park and home field of many a stately English home should have earned its early fame as "the poor man's cow." Says Youatt: "Truly the poor man's cow, living everywhere, hardy, yielding for her size abundance of milk of a good quality, and fattening rapidly when required." Probably this fact led to the long neglect of the Kerries. The breed is as ancient as it could very well be, since it is said to be one of the purest "representatives of the aboriginal wild cattle of Europe;" but till very recently it received only occasional attention from noted agriculturists, and was owned chiefly by cotters and small farmers. This is sometimes mourned over, but its ill-effects were not without compensation. A fancy breed is always in peril of being pampered and made a slave to points; indeed, both horses and cattle on a great prize-winning farm are often worth little enough as ordinary stock—that is to say, animals yielding a good business return for the expense of feed and upkeep. This, of course, is not an object of the show-yard beauty, the owner deriving his income from the stud or from the fancy prices obtainable for blood pedigree and prize-winning. Much as the Irish cottager might love his Kerry, she had, in her way, to live as hard a life as he did himself, picking up what sustenance she could on the hills, and receiving but scanty shelter or artificial care of any kind. The effect of this treatment is that the weak go to the wall and only the hardy survive. It was after the French Exhibition of 1878, and the praise bestowed on them by the brothers William and James Macdonald, that the Kerries began to attract wide attention. In 1887 the proprietors of the *Live Stock Gazette* started a register in Dublin. This was subsequently acquired by the Dublin Society, who in 1890 issued the first volume of the "Kerry and Dexter Herd-Book." In 1892 the Kerry and Dexter-Kerry Cattle Society was formed, under the presidency of that noted owner of shorthorns and southdowns, Mr. C. Adeane of Babraham Hall, Cambridge. But though so recently elevated to the rank of a herd-book and society, the Kerry has advanced very quickly to popular favour. True, the professional breeder sees in it chiefly material for crossing.



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BLACK KNIGHT.

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may be contrasted with that of the Kerry. He says: "In appearance a good Dexter should be long and low on the leg, level along the back, with no indication to humpiness in the region of the tail. It should have a smallish head, well set on a pair of deep shoulders. In the cow the bag should be large and full, the teats well apart."

During the last ten years or so many herds of Kerries and

Dexters have been established, but two names should be remembered in connection with them. A great deal of the best breeding stock, both in England and abroad, came originally from Mr. James Robertson of La Mancha, Malahide, County Dublin. For many years he was the most successful breeder and exhibitor. Mr. Pierce Mahoney of Kilmorna, North Kerry, performed a great service, when the breed was coming into vogue, by registering pedigrees and careful breeding. He aimed at increasing the size, and met with considerable success. In England, besides the breed at Sandringham and that of Lord Rosebery in Bucks, Mr. Martin John Sutton has established a well-known herd at Reading, and Lord Ashburton has bred some fine Dexters during many years at the Grange Home Farm, Alresford, Hampshire.

It would be impossible to enumerate all the estates to which they have been more recently introduced. The illustrations are intended to bring out the points of contrast between the two breeds. *EYVAND AU FREAS*, a model dairy cow, carried off the first prize at Maidstone for Messrs. Robertson and Sons. *BAHA* is the very fine Dexter that won first prize and championship for the Prince of Wales, a capital milking cow, and yet not unsuggestive of beef. *LA MANCHA MERRY BOY* was but a youngster when his photograph was taken after he had placed the championship in the hands of Messrs. Robertson and Sons, but he promises to develop into a Kerry bull of the highest class. The Dexter, *BLACK KNIGHT*, belongs to Mr. Sydney Woodiwiss, and was also first in his class; he is a very typical beast.



CHAPTER XXII.

"EN BOCA CERRADA NO ENTRA MOSCA."—Spanish Proverb.

WHEN I opened my eyes I was sitting in an armchair, bound hand and foot, with an intolerable buzzing in my ears, and a feeling in my body as if I were one big bruise from head to heel. Opposite to me, coolly smoking a cigarette, stood Castañeda, and behind him Soto.

"Welcome to my poor house," said the Mexican; "it is yours."

I could hear but indistinctly, but it seemed to me that some one was sobbing in the next room. Castañeda grinned, and the cruelty of the man lay like a loathsome sore upon his handsome face.

"The señora is tender-hearted," he said, softly.

Of course, both Letty and Magdalena had witnessed my capture. My wits came back to me.

"You must have ridden fast, Don Juan. Well, where are the others?"

"I dare say they will pay their respects to you soon."

"The sooner the better," he retorted, grimly. "I have burnt my ships. By the way, señor, I must thank you, we must thank you—eh, Miguel?—for your kind offices on our behalf with Juan Bautista."

Soto scowled at me. He had none of Castañeda's audacity. He knew that Alta California would soon be ringing with the story of an attempted murder and a cruel rape, and perhaps he had already found out the nature of his partner in crime.

"Saw you aught of Cosmé Servin?" said Castañeda, nonchalantly, and when he said this I knew that the man realised that he was an outlaw. I remember what rage possessed me because I was bound, and must die without the privilege of striking a blow, lassoed like a clumsy calf.

"Cosmé Servin is with the saints," said I.

"He repented at the last. Well, he blundered. *Que lastima!* And so have you. Pray excuse me."

He left the room, and I heard him speak to the mestizos outside. Although he spoke quickly and in a low tone, I gathered that an immediate departure was commanded, and through the open door I could see the half breeds kicking the sleeping Indians lying gorged around the troughs.

"Don Miguel," said I, "save these ladies and my life, and I'll give you a thousand pesos, and guarantee his Excellency's pardon and your passports into Mexico. Aid and abet this devil, and as sure as God will punish you hereafter, so also shall you pay the last and most ignominious penalty here."

His queerly-coloured eyes glittered, and he glanced furtively at the open door. His gills were white, and 'twas plain he had no stomach for his job. Yet I doubted whether he had the nerve to bell such a tiger-cat as Castañeda. On a horse he was afraid of nothing, afoot he was ever a coward.

Before he could answer there was a crash on the panels of the door leading to the room where I made sure the ladies were confined. The lock was but a flimsy one, and gave way. Then I saw what had happened. The room beyond was the sala; Letty and Magdalena, hearing my voice, had dragged an old horse-hair sofa into the middle of the floor, and, using it as a

battering-ram, had burst open the door. They ran swiftly and knelt down at my side.

"My poor John," cried Letty, sobbing.

"Juanito," murmured Magdalena, "canst thou forgive me?"

Soto watched her, his face yellow as an orange with bile and jealousy. Then he walked to the door and called loudly for Castañeda.

"Letty," said I, addressing her in English. "Letty, you will be surely rescued, so cheer up." Then I turned to the sweet, passionate face at my knee. "And thou, Magdalena, hast been more sinned against than sinning," and as I spoke I thought of that other Magdalene to whom much was forgiven—*quia multum amavit*.

"Thou dost not know," she sobbed; "when I tell thee what I have done thou wilt curse me."

She rose to her feet, for Castañeda was darkening the threshold. He came forward and bowed to Letty, who shrank from him. Magdalena confronted him. If disdain were poison, he had died at her feet.

"Señora," he began, addressing Letty, "I wished to spare you this. But, perhaps, it is well that you should learn the extent of my debt to this gentleman, and also how it may be cancelled. Pray be seated."

They remained standing.

"Thanks to him," and his voice was the voice of a familiar of the Holy Office, "I am a ruined man."

I did not care to dispute this lie. He waited a moment, and then continued. My eyes fell upon the scar, livid against the blue-white of his cheek.

"Yes, señor," he touched the scar lightly, "that is the first entry. Then he robbed me of the Rancho Santa Margarita."

"Oh! you brute," said Letty, rightly apprehending the insult to Magdalena.

"Naturally I cared nothing for *her*, after seeing you, señora. Let me add that I never saw you look more handsome than at this minute. Let me continue; to your cousin here I owe the loss of Alvarado's favour."

"His favour," echoed Magdalena. "That you never had."

"Now, I am banished, disgraced. My lands, my cattle, my horses, are forfeit to the State. Do you think it was wise, señor, to push a man like me to such extremity? But I have friends in Mexico, good friends, rich and powerful, so I do not despair. But Mexico is far off, and Alvarado's soldiers are doubtless near. So we must take the road at once, a rough road, I fear. And I am sure, señora, you will come with me quietly, for I am prepared to buy your gratitude. In a word"—his voice rose, as excitement gripped him, and the lines deepened about his abominable mouth—"in a word, it lies with you whether this enemy of mine live or die."

"Go back to your room," I said, hoarsely.

But the women would not budge. Horror held Letty spell-bound; Magdalena's fiery eyes were on Soto, who cringed and cowered. He, at least, had no rich and powerful friends in Mexico or elsewhere.

"Shall he live or die?" continued Castañeda, very softly.

"Pass your word to come with me quietly, and in due time you, señora, shall become my wife. I can offer you far more, believe me, than that popinjay, your husband, can give. You, señorita, shall marry Soto, whom any maiden can love."

The sneer was not wasted upon the *soldado distinguido*. I wondered whether Castañeda's sharp ears had caught my offer.

"If you *refuse*," said the Mexican, "dishonour remains. Dishonour and death for this man, not the death either that a caballero would wish to die."

"Go, go!" I beseeched, for the agony in the women's faces was dreadful to see. "Let me answer this coward."

Magdalena interrupted me.

"No, no, don't anger him. See, I will pray to him." She fell on her knees before him, sobbing with passion and grief. And I sat there unable to stir, while the raw-hide ate into my straining muscles. "Spare us," she entreated. "You have good blood in your veins, let that plead for us. Alvarado will pardon you, God will pardon you, if you are merciful to us. And you can take all that is mine, all, all. In the name of your mother, in the name of the Blessed Virgin, in the name of all women who have loved and suffered I entreat you to let us go in peace. *Virgen Santísima! Virgen Purísima! Ave María, Nuestra Señora del Refugio!* Touch, O gracious Mother of Sorrows, touch with thy gentle fingers this man's heart!"

Soto turned aside; Letty's eyes filled with tears; my own heart throbbed; for if such prayer as this prove unavailing, was not the corner-stone of faith in peril? And looking upon Castañeda's face I marked the struggle between good and evil; that battle between the sovereign powers of this world; that never-ending strife which leaves its scars on all of us. For the moment I believed that faith and hope and love had prevailed. Then, in eclipse, the light faded, and sin seemed to darken the room. So distraught was Letty that she screamed, and involuntarily I closed my lids, for if the glory of Sinai is blinding to human vision, so also the horror of Sheol is as vitriol flung in the eyes.

"Señorita," he said, icily, "your prayers are wasted on me. Seemingly also upon our Lady."

"Then save him, and do what you please with me."

"Magdalena," I groaned. "Dost thou wish to slay me twice?"

"Carajo!" said Castañeda, between his teeth, "you shall die more than two deaths, señor, I promise you. Unless, of course, the señora Valence—"

"Letty," I implored, "surely now you will go? For God's sake leave this devil and me alone."

She came towards me, and bending down laid her soft lips upon my forehead. "John," she murmured, weeping, "is it possible that once we were happy children?" With that she walked bravely into the inner room, while Magdalena rose from her knees. The expression of her face had changed. Now Lettice, in sorrow or joy, was ever Lettice. 'Twere impossible to confound her with another woman. But the daughters of the Latin race are so torn and twisted by their passions that even a lover under certain circumstances may view as a

stranger the one being on earth he cares for as his own. The sight of my dear's face was terrible to me.

"Before I go," she said, slowly, "I must make confession." Her words had no colour, no warmth. Passion seemed to have exhausted her. Only the eyes glowed.

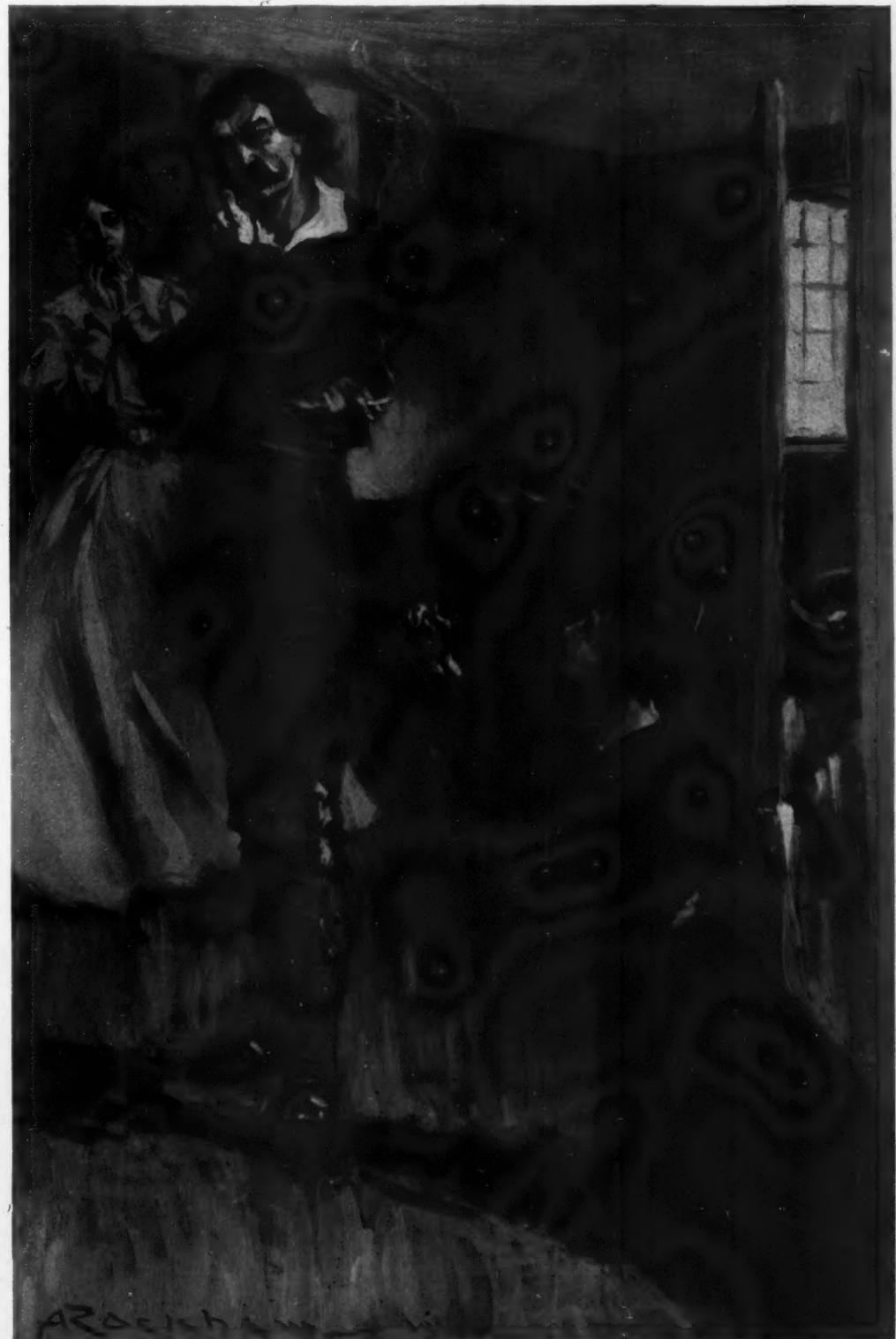
"Listen, *querido*, and curse me not. What has happened is my fault, mine. Can I blame thee because thou dost love that witch yonder? Yet I love thee better than the Englishwoman. She would not willingly accept dishonour for thee. I would. Let me speak. It was not as he told me," she pointed to Castañeda, "thou didst have pity on me—no?—because I was lonely and miserable. 'Twas not my money thou wast after?"

"By Heaven, no. I loved thee, Magdalena, only thee. Did I not prove that when I asked thee to fly with me? Was I thinking then of the Santa Margarita?"

"What!" she exclaimed, "thou didst ask me to fly with thee?"

"Ay, in the letter I wrote thee the day after I played the Jew."

Magdalena's voice trembled as she murmured hurriedly, "You wrote only one letter to me, which I returned—unopened."



"Señorita," he said, icily, "your prayers are wasted on me."

The slight accent on the *me* did not escape a fond lover. Castañeda laughed. Magdalena glanced at him, knitting her brows.

"I am not speaking of that letter," I said, slowly, "but of another. In it I laid bare my soul. My God! how did it miscarry? I trusted it to Courtenay."

"Perhaps I can explain," said the Mexican. "That letter your foster-brother gave to a jealous woman, who opened it and gave it to me, or rather I took it from her. It was written in English, and, translating it, I let her think that 'twas a billet from the Señor Valence to the Señorita Estrada. I have since given it to the señorita; so you see the letter after all never miscarried. Only, I told her that I had found it in the work-basket of Valencia's wife."

In the pause that followed he laughed again. To him this part of the business was comedy. His laughter stirred me to the most strenuous effort of my life; but the raw-hide would have held fast a tiger, let alone a man.

"*Dios de mi alma!*" wailed Magdalena. "Thou wilt never forgive me, *querido*, I believed that letter was written by you to your beautiful cousin. And so believing I became altogether evil. *Ay de mi!* how can I tell thee! See, I whisper it softly, so: I plotted with him. I told him that I would help him to his ends. I said to myself that if the beautiful Letty were dead that thou wouldest love me. But then I could not kill her, *querido*; I was not so wicked as that, nor would I permit him to kill Alvarado. You can thank me for that, Señor Don Santiago. And this devil told me that I must help him to carry the señora away, that he would take her to Mexico, and that there she would learn to love him, being tired of her foolish, faithless husband, and indifferent to thee. *Dios de mi alma!* I believed him. And then"—her voice sank into a melodious sigh that thrilled every pulse in my body—"and then the good God punished me for my sins. I was taken also to be given to Miguel Soto. And that first night as we galloped through the darkness Castañeda rode beside us, and said that he had avenged our wrongs; that the Ingleses would never return from Carmelo."

While she was speaking, the Mexican watched me with a leer upon his lips; that smile bred by the cruelties of the bull-ring, by the traditions of the Inquisition, ay—to go back farther in the history of his race—by the gladiatorial shows of Rome. Soto was profoundly moved.

"Magdalena," I cried, bitterly, "I love thee, only thee."

The words were unheeded. She turned from me and faced her enemy, and I could feel that her eyes were scanning him from head to foot. Then she laughed, and her laugh was as brutal as the man's. I think it even frightened Castañeda, for he stopped and said in his usual tones: "It is time this farce was ended."

She nodded, and came back to me. This time her sweet pathetic face was softened and dimpled with love.

"Thou canst never forgive me, *querido*. But, *Dios!* how well I have loved thee. Too well for thy happiness or mine. *Adios, alma de mi vida, adios!*"

Pressing her lips to mine, the flutter of her heart was audible to me. She rose, and passed swiftly to Soto.

"Don Miguel, there are tears in your eyes, so what was in my mind to say to you shall be left unsaid." Then she confronted the other. He met her gaze insolently, and raising his hand began to stroke his moustache.

"Poor Miguel," he remarked.

She eyed him fearlessly. Then she stooped and grasped the *puñal* at his garter. Why was she not permitted to kill him—with his own knife? What mysterious justice forbade so righteous a deed? Corday had no greater cause. Marat was no greater villain. And I thought she had stabbed him, for her slender arm rose and fell. But the other, as I had reason to know, was quick of eye and hand. As the knife glittered in the air he caught her wrist, tore the weapon from her grasp, flung it to the ground, and then, lifting her slight figure in his arms, carried her from the room. Soto approached me.

"Be calm, señor," he muttered. "I will help you, if I can."

I did not see either Letty or Magdalena again that day, for in less than half-an-hour the adobe was abandoned. I was told later that the main body of Indians rode ahead with the women. Soto, I presume, accompanied them, and also the two mestizos. Castañeda, three Indians, and I brought up the rear of the procession. We rode fast for upwards of two hours; then, at a sign from the Mexican, the Indians who led my horse turned sharp to the right. I had noted that two of them carried spades, and wondered vaguely what whim had constrained my enemy to give me decent interment.

Now we advanced at a walk, Castañeda looking to the right and left, as if seeking something. Presently one of the Indians gave a grunt and pointed to an ant heap in front of him. Even then I had no conception of what torment I was destined to suffer. Castañeda halted and dismounted. The Indians dragged me from the saddle and began to dig. I watched them almost indifferently, till I saw that the hole was being dug not horizontally but vertically. Then I knew that I was to be buried

alive, my head alone being left above ground, exposed to the ravages of the sun, and also—God in Heaven!—to the attack of the ants, for the hole was within a yard of the big heap.

"You have stung me many a time," said Castañeda, with a brutal laugh. "Now in your turn you shall be stung. I am kind, I give you many hours to make your peace with heaven. Only I fear the prayers of a heretic will not avail you."

I tried to summon my fortitude, but my blood was as ice in my veins, and my teeth as castanets. This particular form of punishment was practised, I knew, by some of the Indian tribes. If the manner of my death ever came to light it would be supposed that savages, not a so-called Christian, had compassed my end.

Well, I prayed to God to deliver me with such intensity of supplication that my blood once more began to circulate. Who will affirm that the minds of our glorious martyrs were not, even in the last agony, triumphant over their tormented bodies. I can swear that when I prayed (and my prayer was of the simplest, hardly more than invocation), a certain peace fell on me, and I could listen with no craven teeth-chatterings to the words of my enemy. He was now addressing the Indians in bastard Spanish, reciting my offences. And truly he painted me as a wretch unworthy to nourish ants and buzzards. They listened to his excoriating rhetoric in silence, their eyes fixed upon the distant horizon. When the speaker paused, they exclaimed, as one man, "ow," a grunt indicative of neither approval nor the contrary. It seemed strange to me that Castañeda should deign to explain to these serfs, to justify himself, to indict me. I suppose, amazing as it may seem to a Protestant, that he was actually trying to salve his conscience. To some there is no fly in the cheap ointment of verbiage. When he had finished this ghastly farce, I was dumped into the hole, and the loose earth was shovelled in and packed tight around me. Earth had me in a hellish grip; Heaven, seemingly, had forsaken me. While the Indians were shovelling Castañeda mocked me, entreating the men not to throw dirt into the face of the distinguished señor, asking me if I were comfortable, and the like scurvy gibes. I ground my teeth and made no answer. I was thinking of my friends. Surely help would come from them.

Suddenly Soto galloped up. When he saw my head beside the ant heap his saffron-coloured face blanched.

"*Madre de Dios!*" he exclaimed. "This is horrible."

"How dared you leave the ladies?" said Castañeda, hoarse with rage. "Go back, you fool! Go back!"

He pointed imperiously to the east.

"I have come," replied Soto, very nervously, "to plead for this man's life. It is most unwise to kill him."

"Am I killing him?" said the other, contemptuously. "The Indians, who practise such gentle arts, have dug the hole and placed him in it. The devil will do the rest."

"But the truth might come out."

"What! With no white witnesses?" As he spoke a curious gleam illuminated his eyes. Soto marked the change of expression, and the hand that lay upon the horn of the saddle trembled.

"I think we had better release him and the women."

Castañeda laughed.

"That would be a thousand dollars in your pocket—eh? A good day's work for such as you. I heard what our friend here offered you. And the girl loathes you. That is plain to be seen."

Soto was livid with terror. The snake-like poise of the Mexican's head seemed to fascinate him. He was smitten with a palsy.

"She loathes you, yes. I do not blame her. Tell me, who devised this plan that promised you a rich bride?"

"You, you."

"Who sent Servin to wipe a rival from your path?"

"That was you, too."

He answered almost mechanically. Castañeda spoke with amazing fluency and ferocity.

"And now you turn on me, you miserable coyote. And you say the truth may come out. And, by God, if you live it will come out. And if you should testify against me, you, even you, would be listened to, perhaps believed. And so, Don Miguel Soto, with infinite regret, you force me to do—*this*." With that, as coolly as if he were potting a sparrow, he snatched a pistol from his belt and fired. So true was his aim that not a cry escaped the poor wretch's lips. As the bullet struck him, he raised his lean hands, reeled in the saddle, and fell from his horse—stone dead. Castañeda turned to me.

"You see, Don Juan, I am not a man to fool with. *En boca cerrada no entra mosca*" (into a closed mouth no fly can enter), "which reminds me that you must be gagged, which, however, will not interfere with the ants."

At his command I was securely gagged with a thick piece of cloth.

"*Adios,*" said this devil, raising his sombrero, "I leave you, señor, to your reflections. It may amuse you to see the buzzards busy with our silly Soto. Once more, *adios*."

He rode off, followed by the Notontos leading Soto's horse.

Already I had begun to suffer horribly, for I was sorely bruised and desperately thirsty. The sun, wan to the west, streamed full upon my face, and now and again an inquisitive ant, the herald of grim battalions, meandered slowly round my nose and chin. Soon, I reflected, their myriads would be pouring into my ears, my eyes, my nostrils—

Sick with horror, I fainted. When I recovered consciousness the sun had set, the sea breeze was fanning my cheek, and in the distance I could hear the weird bark of a coyote. This was echoed by another and yet another, till the chorus became unendurable. I was sensible that they had formed a circle around Soto and me, and in the soft radiance of the twilight I could see the first approach. When his eyes countered mine, he squatted down upon his hams, twenty paces away, his scarlet tongue hanging from slavering jaws. They would not attack till nightfall, and twilight in these latitudes lasts barely an hour. Then I heard a laugh, not unlike that mocking cacaphony which had terrified me when sinking in the quicksands of the Santa Maria River, but I realised that this horrid mirth was my own. Good God! Gagged, in agony of mind and body, raging with thirst, I could laugh! I was therefore on the brink of madness. A touch would despatch me to the inferno of delirium. I closed my eyes and prayed that this might be. When I raised my heavy lids the coyotes had vanished. That augured the approach of some beast or man hostile to them, and soon my strained ears registered a faint crackle as of dry leaves crushed under foot. The *thing*, whatever it might be, was crawling stealthily towards me, and fear again possessed me—the terror of the unknown. Out of the shadows stole a black substance—a monstrous cat, the panther of these northern woods. And then to my amazement the beast raised itself up.

It was the Yaqui. At first he saw only Soto; and then the greatest horror of all had me by the throat—that he would overlook me in the gathering gloom. Yet he had the eyes of the great cat I had supposed him to be. Suddenly he grunted and

ran to me. Then, muttering prayers and curses, the faithful fellow cut loose the thongs of the gag, and asked me if I were still alive and sane. I mumbled out some inarticulate answer, and he solemnly thanked the Virgin and all the saints. In less than half-an-hour—though he had no tool save a puñal and a pair of strong hands—he had exhumed me, but I could not move, and spoke with great pain and effort. However, I made him understand that I was thirsty, so he carried me in his arms to a spring hard by, gave me water and bathed my face and limbs, chafing the latter with slappings and rubbings, a process familiar to all Indians who use the *temescal* or sweat-bath, and as he rubbed he told me what had passed. How he had witnessed my capture, how Courtenay (and I'll warrant he seconded the motion) had pleaded for a rescue, how Quijas had demonstrated the folly of attacking a bullet-proof adobe garrisoned with forty men, how they had marked the preparations for flight, and the flight itself.

"Where are the others?" I asked.

"At the adobe, señor, where they await the soldiers. Padre Quijas said that if they did not kill you at once your life would certainly be spared."

"Did he instruct thee to follow me?"

He shrugged his shoulders whimsically.

"No, señor, but—"

"You have saved my life and reason," I said, gravely, using the polite "usted," as I should with an equal. "We are friends from this hour, Procopio. What I have is yours!"

Then I wondered if we could compete in guile with the Notontos and Suisunes. Even the Yaqui, our brave path-finder, had lived the civilised life so long that eye and brain must have lost much of its cunning. Yet he had trailed me by the grace of God, and faith assured me that by that grace alone our beloved ones would be sustained and eventually delivered out of bondage.

After my own miraculous escape, that certainty glowed in my heart and warmed my frozen and benumbed limbs.

(To be continued.)



Goshawk and Sparrow-hawk.

IN the last article I said that I would touch the goshawk again before I One knows the insanity, constantly flying about, which induces people, whose minds in other respects are fairly well regulated, to rush about their estates planting trees. This or that corner would certainly hold a tree; let us, therefore, plant one. That is what corners were made for. But it would interfere with the view, shut out what little is left, and so forth. "Shut out, nonsense," is the reply; and so some stupid straight stick is stuck into the innocent sod, and protected by the most fearful eyesore in the shape of palings.

Well, it's enough to make one go into alliteration, or something even more dreadful—if there be a "more dreadful"—when one sees a country made impassable. How can you fly a peregrine or even a merlin in such a place as that? Fancy flying in the face of Nature, and then persuading yourself that you do right. That is your only flight? Not quite your only flight.

I am glad to say there is a way, literally, out of the wood. Where long-winged hawks are impossible, short-winged hawks may be used, and the goddess whose mission it is to create and to protect field sports has provided mankind with the goshawk and sparrow-hawk. They are for hedgerows and for woods. Both these birds, especially sparrow-hawks, seem to have a natural hatred and a thorough distrust of man hatched with them. He is their enemy, the creature who would rob them of their food, and who thirsts for their blood; and instinct is a very powerful mistress, she requires a very great deal of convincing, and utterly declines to jump at once to amiable conclusions. This being so, the man who would train these birds must cultivate a perfect patience, and avoid any deed which might be the result of irritation, and, let us hope, any language also.

And yet, as I intimated in the last article, the goshawk may be made a friend of. Well do I remember—and I mentioned it

forty years ago—one of these birds being carried home on my glove in a wild and snowy night putting her head under my beard—long then—for protection. My own observation does not point to this sort of thing in the sparrow-hawk; but I have not had the experience with her that some others have had. Mr. Riley is her master, out and out, above all living falconers.

She is trained after the manner of training the goshawk; and that I have described. Also, as with other hawks, she may be taken from the nest, or be a wild-caught bird. I have had some experience in catching wild sparrow-hawks, and, whatever else that may be, it is excellent sport. It seems almost like affection to entreat people over and over again—as I have done through my life and that in all sorts of publications—to absolutely insist upon their keepers not using the spring-steel trap for hawks; brutal in any use, and simply diabolical when it becomes a pole-trap; but I, who know these horrors, write of them this once more, and I have the satisfaction of saying that I have caught several wild sparrow-hawks in a spring net which was lent me for the purpose. I do not possess it, and honestly I do not know where it is to be purchased; nor does the lender know, for I have made enquiries. It is used in this way: When a sparrow-hawk is known to haunt a certain neighbourhood, peg down with a string of 4ft. or 5ft—or of 12ft. or 20ft., according to the nature of the ground, open or with underwood—a strong light-coloured pigeon. You will take care that it has plenty of Indian corn and water within easy reach, and one need hardly add that it has not the remotest notion of the reason for its being there; it is happy enough. Place the trap-net, unset, near the pigeon. No watching is necessary, though, of course, there must be visiting; twice a day is sufficient. The hawk will come, kill, and feed; but she will not have eaten the whole of a full-sized pigeon. Place the remainder in the net, which requires care in setting; without care the setter may be injured, as the spring is very strong. The bird will certainly return. It is really very exciting to find a big, handsome female bird, safe and sound, with not a feather broken, secure and perfectly uninjured in any way, and

this the result of your pains and adroitness. It is very easy to put on jesses through the meshes of the net; return them, and, putting your hands inside the net, attach the leash. Hood the bird. The hood must not be left on all night, because she may have castings to get rid of. Carry her without it when at home and by candle-light, and put her on a block in an absolutely dark room for the night. Then for days, weeks perhaps, go through all the orthodox methods to be found in the books, such as stroking slightly with a feather whilst she feeds from the fist, carrying her amongst people, making her jump to hand for food (and this in the garden as well as in a room), entering her to the lure if you like, and I am sure it is well to do so. Presently she should be put out on the lawn on a block or bow perch, but only when people are about. Make her come to hand for food when she is sharp set; first the length of the leash, and afterwards the length of a 4ft. or 5ft. creance. As soon as she is fairly tame peg down in a very short string within easy reach of her block a thrush or blackbird. She should be very sharp set; let her kill and eat. A thrush is a more delicate morsel than a blackbird, but either will do. A day or two afterwards use a pigeon in the same way, but kill the pigeon as soon as the hawk begins to do so, for she will take an abominably long time over it. Falcons kill at once. Of course, let her "take her pleasure" on it.

It is astonishing but true that wild-caught hawks, which have, of course, lived by killing, may become careless about it in time if not kept up to the mark during training. I have known a wild-caught sparrow-hawk sit by a pegged-down pigeon, scarcely taking any notice of it, though she took it instantly in the air when thrown up to her in a barn, she being quite at liberty. There would be no wonder that these birds, in the early part of their training, half frightened out of their lives, should refuse to kill a bird at the block; but I am speaking of later on. Keep them even then up to the mark. Of course you will do so with eyasses. Cases such as I have mentioned may be exceptional, but they certainly occur. We ought not to have a doubt that a hawk fairly tamed will take a bird at the block—that is, if she is really hungry. It may be asked: "What does it matter at the block?" It does matter; there must be keenness all round.

Then comes the entering of this wild-caught bird to wild



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IN THE DAYS OF INFANCY.

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quarry. What is she to fly? Landrails were the quarry years ago, and I can well understand the pleasure of taking these birds at the rate of several in a couple of hours' walk, and that with one hawk. It must have been fine sport, though I know perfectly well how many people would prefer the excitement and the dash of blackbird-hawking. If your hen bird is really big, strong, and tolerably amiable, try her at a partridge. We all know what Sir John Sebright did; he certainly did it, for he himself records the fact. He "took a wild partridge with a sparrow-hawk of his own breaking ten days after it had been taken wild from a wood." Such is the record. Three things are to be said about it: The bird must have been of an unusually docile disposition, the training must have been excellent, and no time or attention could have been grudged.

To enter a sparrow-hawk to partridges I should do this: Fly her at a dark-coloured pigeon—if without a tail so much the better—in a long string. The pigeon must be sprung from the ordinary pigeon-shooting trap, or from a hole in the ground covered with a slate or board. The start should be fairly short to begin with, and the pigeon slightly handicapped. Some days afterwards a partridge may be used. Your keeper or your friend's keeper might procure a brace for the purpose. After that there need be no more entering. Then comes the wild partridge put up out of turnips or some covert. Have a bagged partridge in a string to be used if the hawk misses her first attempt. Is all this really necessary? It will be asked. It is safer, at any rate. But I once took a pheasant fully two-thirds grown with a sparrow-hawk which had never flown game before. It is wonderful what large birds a sparrow-hawk will kill; they constantly take old wood-pigeons, coming down upon them, I fancy, from a high tree just as they are rising from the ground.

But we must not forget the eyess. A peregrine taken from the nest when still covered with white down is, as all falconers know, sure to be a screamer, to fly low, and, in short, to be got rid of; but I have had sparrow-hawks taken far too soon which have not screamed; the danger is that they may die of cramp. My advice is, take them fairly late. We will suppose, however, that they are still unable to fly even for a yard or two. Put jesses on; keep them in a room in which are people; feed them, placing choice food at the end of the finger several times during the day, whistling during the meal. Let different people feed them. They naturally look upon strangers with the utmost dread, but if



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YOUNG SPARROW-HAWKS.

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the strangers suggest the possibility of food, fear is at least very much subdued ; still, let the master himself do the most. Leash added to jesses will soon be required. What has just been said about the wild-caught bird in the way of training, applies, one need hardly say, to the eyess. There is this in addition, however : Shall these sparrow-hawk eyesses be flown at hack ? Of course peregrines and merlins must be ; and I have flown sparrow-hawks at hack safely. The practice must be good, though it may not be absolutely necessary. A large barn may be used, though absolute liberty is better. I think Mr. Riley flies at hack. Mr. Bower, who did wonders with these birds, wrote : "I allowed my nestling hawk to fly at hack till perfectly strong on the wing." As for me, I am all for hack, as every one knows.

Now, with regard to frequently carrying the hawk which is in training. Carriage is not a practice to go wildly into. It must be done, and done very much ; but it must be done "in a more delicate way than drowning." There is a refinement about it, as there is about suicide. Don't think that the mere walking with a bird all day is sufficient ; don't make her hate the fist ; rather make her love it. She is sharp-set, and comes to

able quarry, and in this sport the falconer ("hawker" I should say) requires several assistants, some before the master and some behind him, for the blackbird may turn back. We are beating a hedgerow, beaters being on each side of it. One flight may last a very long time or there may be a kill almost at once. An old cock bird will probably give you and yours quite as much to do as you will care for, but if one or two of the beaters are well ahead he will be disposed of all the sooner. No hawk is more intent upon killing than the sparrow-hawk ; she enjoys the flights also as "sport." In her eagerness she will settle on a beater's head ; she has but one thought, and that is to take the quarry. The male bird may be, and is, used ; he is amazingly quick, but, perhaps, the hen is more conspicuously in earnest. A field which has good-sized bushes in it is, perhaps, better than a hedgerow. The hawk, of course, is flown as the quarry is driven from one bush to another.

All sorts of birds, except those obviously too big, can be taken with this hawk, and that in astonishing numbers. Mr. Bower gives most satisfactory and, indeed, charming accounts of his success with one of his hawks. Early in



M. Emil Frechon.

AN ARAB HAWKING PARTY AT BISKRA.

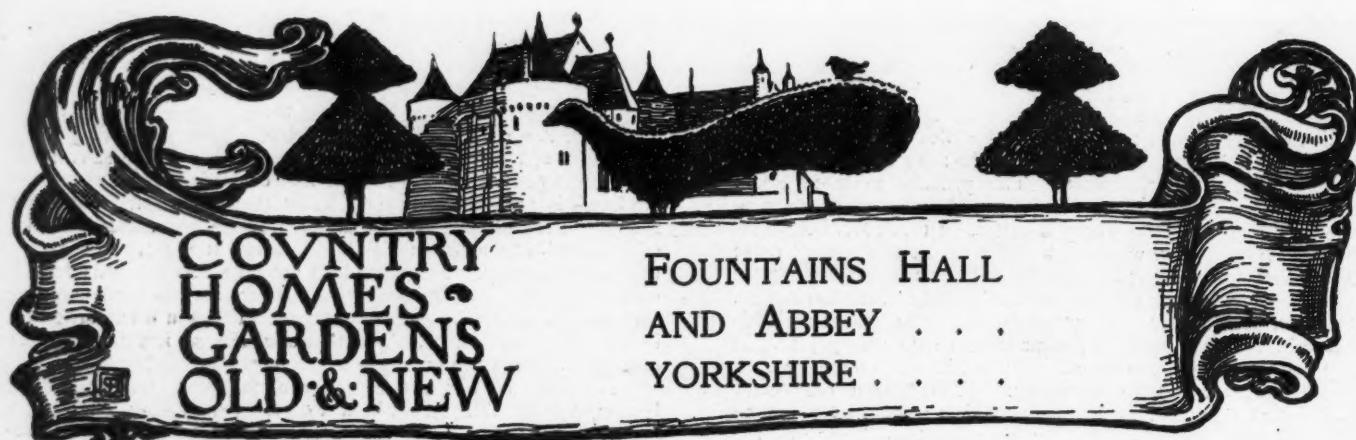
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hand from the perch. Wrap the leash round your glove and walk off. Take some one with you. Offer something for her to pull at—not tough meat. I once taught that, but I retract. Sparrow-hawks and merlins must have the tenderest meat—so should all hawks ; I rather mean a pigeon's wing with not very much on it. After a time, this is carefully withdrawn, but still she knows who has the food, and is content to wait in expectation. At last she becomes restless, her eye looks wild, she is disposed to bate off. Reproduce the wing, and so go on, till by degrees she will stand much longer intervals. At last you may take her a long way without this aid ; she will have been taught what quarry is, and will look for that. But she will have a hking for your glove also ; in fact, she is trained—trained, that is, if she has been subjected to the other discipline which I have already mentioned. Your art has prevailed, but your art was impossible without Nature. It is natural for those who receive favours to like the giver. You can alter Nature by means of Nature. "The art itself is Nature."

I have spoken of landrails, and of entering to partridges ; at what else shall we fly ? Blackbirds seem to be the fashion-

September she killed seventeen partridges, all full grown, six old birds being amongst them. She would have gone on killing partridges well had she not been taken off them for blackbird hawking. He killed many thrushes with her in the turnip fields. He began to fly this bird on July 23rd, and from that time till September 7th he flew her about three times a week. She killed, in the time mentioned, forty-three blackbirds, thirty-six thrushes, seventeen partridges, seven sparrows, four hedge-sparrows, and one starling. Her best day was six blackbirds, three thrushes, two partridges, and a sparrow. Wonderful birds, after all, these short-winged hawks ! Twelve birds in one day, and a goshawk has killed twenty rabbits in one day ; and I am compelled, in fairness, to ask what long-winged hawk has killed so great a number of head in the same time ?

It is time to close this chapter. I shall write one more, on the hobby and merlin, and then this little series of six chapters will be concluded. But before it ends, by way of calling attention to the universality, even to-day, of the ancient sport of hawking, look at this picture representing the solemn Oriental potentate and his hawks on the sands of the desert. PEREGRINE.



COUNTRY HOMES & GARDENS OLD & NEW

FOUNTAINS HALL AND ABBEY . . . YORKSHIRE . . .

FOUNTAINS HALL is a mansion whose stones speak to us loudly of a time long past. The house is Jacobean, and the terraces and hedges of the garden, which are its immediate neighbours, bear the aspect of that picturesque period, but the materials out of which it was built were quarried from the ruins of the house of the great abbot of Fountains. Our minds are carried back, therefore, to the time of the thirteen

monks whom Archbishop Thurstan of York took from the Abbey of St. Mary's, and planted in what was then the rugged wilderness by the little river Skell, where they "made the desert smile." These were men with girded loins and the lamp lit, who craved for a stricter rule than prevailed in the Benedictine house at York, for there were roots in the Benedictine soil that thirsted for the water springs found in the silent recesses of Fountain Dale. There had been the same recoil from laxity in the house of Moslesme, from which Abbot Robert had gone out to join with Stephen Harding, the Englishman, in establishing the parent house of the Cistercians at Citeaux. Harding was the master and instructor of the famous Bernard, abbot of Clairvaux, whose winning qualities were to be the means of the diffusion of the Cistercian spirit, and Thurstan was Bernard's friend, and both had a keen interest in the new house that was to be built by the river Skell.

Looking at the smiling scene that greets us in Fountain Dale, at the rich woods and the pastures there, we recognise that these monks were the pioneers and exemplars of agricultural development, and of the richness and virtue of country life. To begin with, a great elm, or it may have been a yew, in the midst of the valley was their shelter, and under its shadow they began the life they longed for. There was as yet little but the rugged rock and the wilderness to give promise either of plenty or of that architectural masterpiece which we depict. They laboured in the making of mats, in the tilling of the soil, in the cutting of faggots for their oratory, and such of them as could in that pleasant art of gardening, which, in the years to come, was to cast a new glamour over Fountain Dale. Where the ancients would have found Pan and the Fawns and Dryads, these men discovered the incentives to a higher life. "Your letters smell of the forest," wrote Leo X. to Egidius of Viterbo, "and shed the odour of the shade and of the delightful spot in which your house is reared." And so wrote St. Bernard to Abbot Murdac of Fountains, telling him, out of the fruit of experience, that there was more to be found in the woodland than in books. "Ligna et lapides docebunt te quod a magistris audire non possis." These men knew, therefore, what were the charms of the places we now in their larger perfection behold. It is worth while to remark in this place, and in relation to this subject, that many writers have discovered a certain spiritual



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THE GATEWAY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



GARDENS OLD AND NEW—FOUNTAINS HALL: THE OLD TERRACE.

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"COUNTRY LIFE."

influence in the woodland. Thus we have Le Vasseur writing in "Le Bocage de Jossigny," 1608:

"C'est un lieu saint, c'est un auguste temple,
De quelque part que mon œil le contemple,
Temple vraiment, vray séjour
d'oraison,
Faict pour prier en chacune saison."

However much truth, or however little, there may be in the statement that the exquisite message which had sent out the white robed workers was forgotten, and that the spirit fled when the form was made perfect, at least it is certain that they entered upon their labour—as is written in the Chronicle of Meaux, ruled over by a monk from Fountains—seeking "their daily bread by the sweat of their brows, planting with their life's blood the vineyard of the Lord of Hosts." Not less certain is it that to those old workers the fruitfulness of the country was due, and that under their laborious hands the sterile wilderness, and the impenetrable thicket, were brought under cultivation, a thought pleasant to entertain when we look at the pictures which represent the gracious scenes that now neighbour their glorious abode.

Fountains Abbey shall not be described in this place, because a little army of writers has treated the subject pretty exhaustively. It is usual to approach the entrancing scene through the pleasure grounds of Studley Royal, the noble seat of the Marquis of Ripon, and few visitors are found to deny that the classical character of those grounds, with the landscape



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RUSTIC BRIDGE WALK.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

gardening, introduced by Mr. Aislaby in the last century, have produced an effect of contrast that is very charming. They are approached by an avenue of splendid limes, and another of noble beeches. The place is full of sweetness, and many hours may be spent amid the delightful woods, in examining the ruins, and in surveying the picturesque beauties of Fountains Hall.

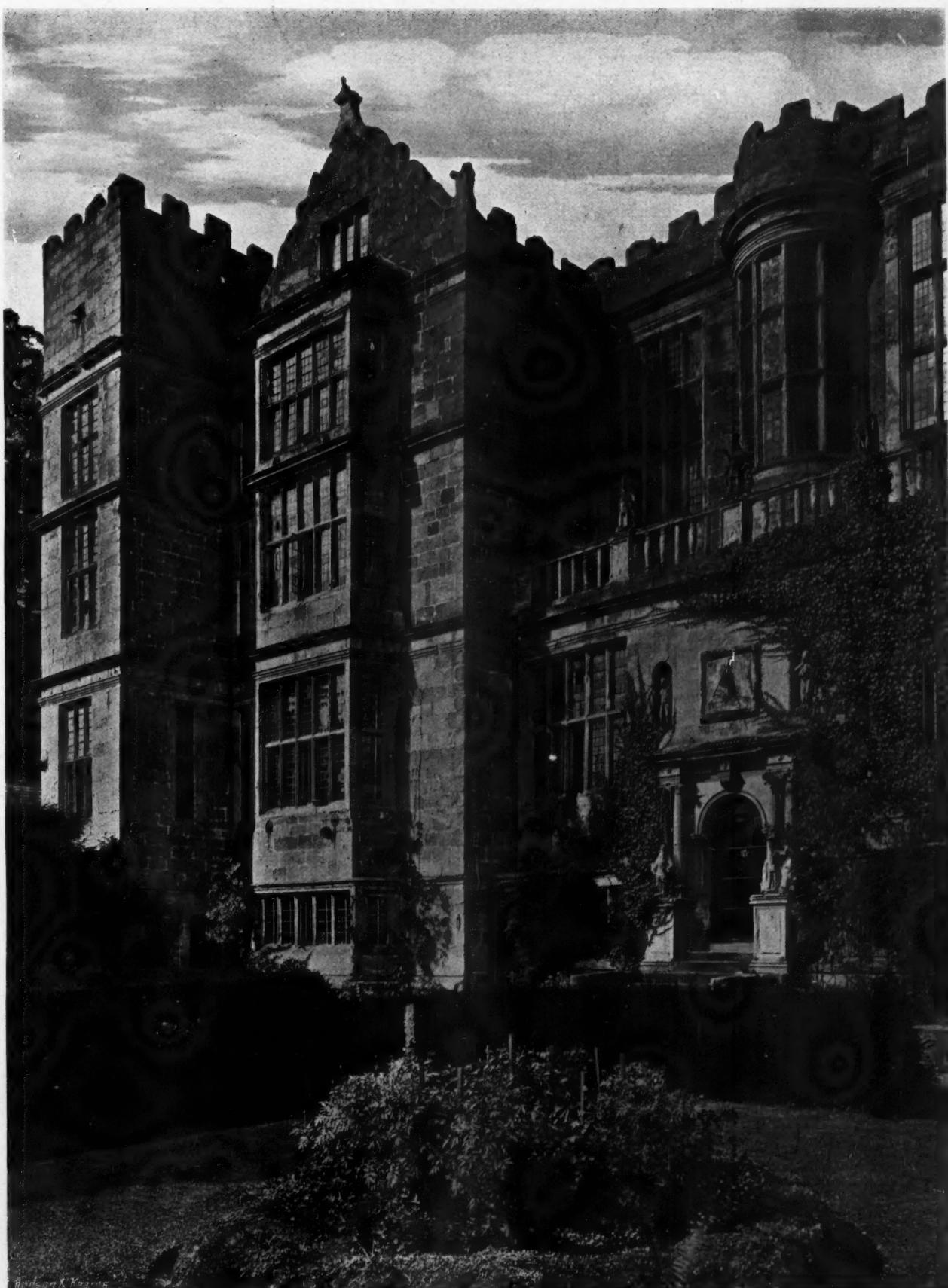
Mr. Aislaby's work began about 1720, and he was assisted only by his gardener, William Fisher. It has been said that the original design was formed in the Dutch taste, which King



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FALLING WATER.

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MULLIONED WINDOWS.

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THE HALF-MOON LAKE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

William had introduced, and which Sir William Temple had made fashionable by his gardens at Moor Park in Surrey. But it may be remarked that the taste displayed is quite as much French as Dutch, and that the avenues and ornamental waters are a good deal in the style of Le Nôtre. The river Skell was canalised, and caused to open into large ponds, extending between turf-covered terraced banks adorned with statues and bordered by fine hedges of yew, above which rose the natural woodland. Since that time ways have been cut through the wood to the top of the hill, whence there are charming views of the formal "pleasaunce" below. "The Moon" and "The Crescent" ponds reflect upon their silvery surfaces the forms of classic deities, the Temple of Piety, and the umbrageous wood-

land. Sometimes the walks pass by the side of the canal, and sometimes, through the woods, and are continually opening delightful prospects. There are some exceedingly fine spruce firs and hemlock spruces of great height and girth, with other trees, many of which have been figured by Loudon in his "Arboretum." A particularly beautiful view is from the classical Temple of Piety, beyond which a path through the wood brings the visitor up the hill, and through a tunnel cut in the rock, beyond which the Octagon Tower is reached. It is a point from which there are romantic prospects on every side. The visitor then passes through great woods of noble beech and oak, and reaches Anne Boleyn's seat. Here the doors are flung open, and then is disclosed a prospect scarcely surpassed in England,



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MOON AND CRESCENT LAKE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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A CORNER OF THE TERRACE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

for the great ruins of Fountains Abbey are seen on a strip of green meadow shut in by the wooded hills.

There is something of pleasant artifice in the manner in which the noble ruin is reached, which does not detract from the impressive and beautiful character of the scene thus suddenly disclosed. Fountains Abbey challenges comparison in its situation with both Bolton and Riveaulx. The former, though a far less splendid remain, has the advantage of lying in a somewhat wider vale, while it must be confessed that it is pleasant to walk along the green grass terrace at Duncombe Park, and to discover at leisure the various merits of that other great Cistercian Abbey. Nevertheless, Fountains surpasses either Bolton or Riveaulx, and neither of them has such delightful surroundings. Mr. William Aislaby continued the walk from Anne Boleyn's seat to the banks of the Skell below, and to Robin Hood's Well, which is said to mark the scene of the famous encounter between the outlaw and the "Curtall Friar of Fountain Dale."

The trim gardens and stately lawns of Studley Royal are left behind, and the visitor lingers to contemplate the great monastic pile. The abbey went through many vicissitudes. Once it was burned by vengeful partisans, but the building went on through the twelfth century. Abbot John, the Yorkshireman, began the choir of the church in 1203. It was nearly completed in 1220, from which time up to 1247 the house was ruled by Abbot John, the Kentishman, to whose taste and energy are due the erection of part of the magnificent cloister, the infirmary, the hospitium, and the exquisite transeptal aisle at the east end, known as the "Nine Altars." The great tower, which is such a conspicuous object in the landscape, was erected by Abbot Huby (1294-1326). The bridge across

the Skell belongs to the thirteenth century, and is close to the Abbey Mill, the "Seven Sisters" being near by. These last are no longer seven, but only two, and are venerable yew trees, which have been growing there perhaps from the day when the thirteen monks reached the banks of the Skell, and may even have given them shelter then. From the west gate-house, or porter's lodge, there is a magnificent prospect of the great church with its lofty tower, and the long range of the cloisters and dormitory extending to and across the river Skell. Nowhere in England can the plan of a Cistercian house be so well studied as at Fountains, and the excavations which have been conducted since 1848 have revealed a vast deal that was formerly hidden. Every style of architecture from Transition-Norman to the Perpendicular is found in perfection in these impressive and beautiful ruins.



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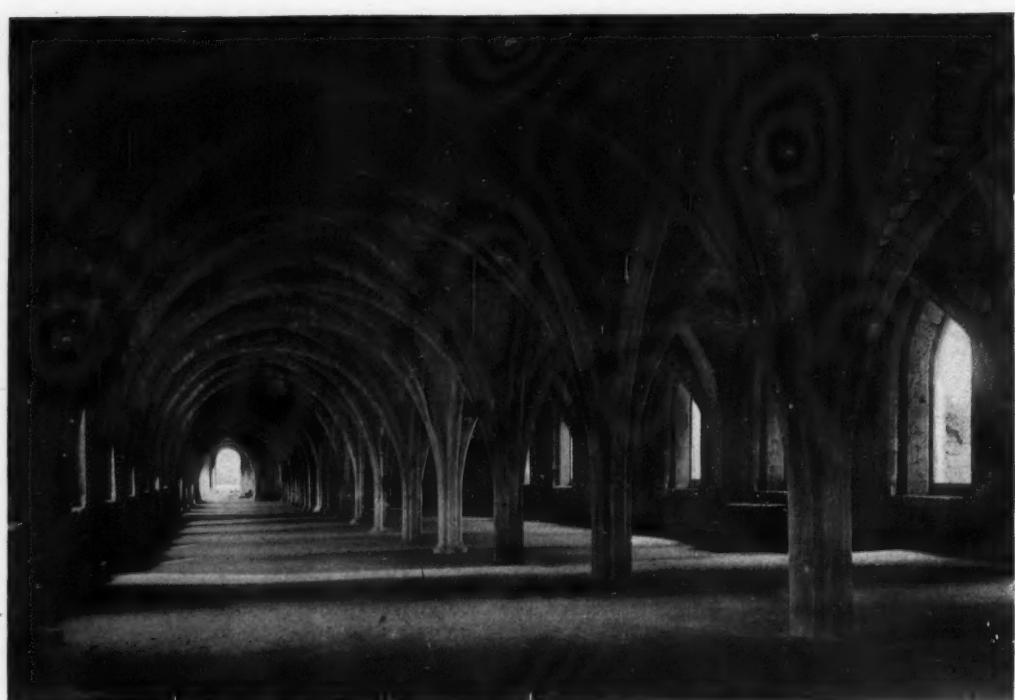
THE ABBEY FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Abbot Bradley, the last abbot of Fountains, appears to have accepted his post in anticipation of the dissolution of the house, and to have paid a consideration on so doing. He readily surrendered into the hands of the commissioners the great house he ruled, and was content himself with what was then the substantial pension of £100 a year. As illustrating the relation of the abbey to the agricultural and pastoral development of that country, it is interesting to know that at the surrender in 1540 it possessed 2,356 horned cattle, 1,326 sheep, a large number of horses and swine, and great quantities of rye, oats, wheat, and hay. The site was granted, under 32 Henry VIII., to Sir Richard Gresham. The story of its ruin is a painful and even a terrible one. It is now known that the rich carved woodwork of the choir was torn down and burnt in order to melt the lead taken from the roof, which formed a large item in the accounts of the predators, and there is good evidence to show that even the graves were rifled in quest of valuables.

In 1597, Sir Richard Gresham's representatives sold the site to Sir Stephen Proctor, who pulled down the abbot's house which had been built over the river Skell at the east end of the conventional building, and used the material to erect the mansion of Fountains Hall. The estate was sold again in 1623, and passed through various hands, until from the Messengers it passed by sale in 1768 to Mr. Aislaby, at the price of £18,000. As we have already seen, the Aislabies did a great deal to beautify and improve the estate, and Fountains Abbey is now well protected and jealously guarded by its proprietor, the Marquis of Ripon.

Fountains Hall, the noble house built by Sir Stephen Proctor, stands a little way beyond the West Gate House of the Abbey, and is a most picturesque example of Jacobean architecture, which has remained unaltered since its completion, and forms an admirable subject for the artist, chiefly because of the very charming grouping of its bay windows, gables, and chimneys. It is approached by broken, weather-worn steps, in the interstices of which the careful hand of the gardener has made green things grow, while a great yew overshadows the way. Then, by a path between well-chipped hedges, we reach the facade, which is very imposing in its varied character. The



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THE CRYPT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

round-headed entrance door is flanked by fluted Ionic pillars, and adorned with quaint figures and a sundial over the arch. Mullioned windows are on either hand, and a gallery is above for the outlook, with a semi-circular bay and large mullioned windows set further back. The lofty projecting bays of the structure on either hand, with their gables and embattlements, and their great ranges of mullioned windows, are particularly striking, and the whole composition is of so notable a character that it is scarcely surpassed in England in its kind. Ivy clothes a large part of the façade, and roses and other climbing plants garland the stonework, without, however, concealing its character.

The gardens about the house have a subtle charm all their own. They are distinguished by a simple character in which radiant flowers are contrasted with dark green hedges of yew, and the foliage is particularly fine, the trees being of large size and beautiful growth. The outlook from the terrace over the quaint features of the garden to the meadows is remarkably attractive. Fountains Hall, like Fountains Abbey and the stately gardens of Studley Royal, lies in a singularly beautiful part of the country, within a few miles of the notable city of Ripon, and in a land invested with a character of great natural charm, rich in oak and lime, and often deep in beechen shade. The house is not in itself devoid of any of those elements of attraction which are found in old country houses, and has notable features which few others possess.

Fasting of Salmon in Fresh Water.

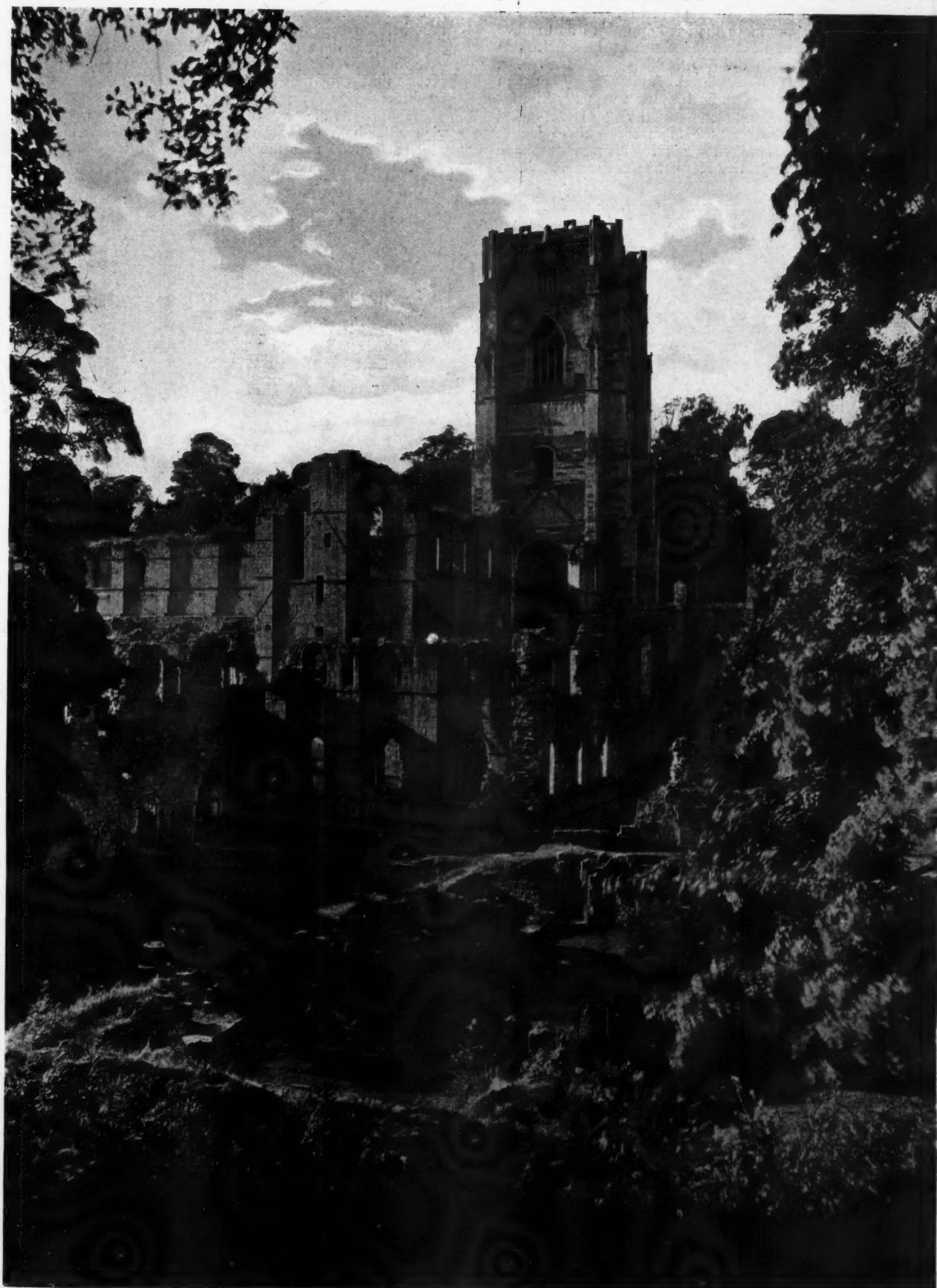
IN 1898 the Scottish Fishery Board issued a most scientific report, under the editorship of Dr. Noel Paton of Edinburgh, in which it was stated that salmon on coming into fresh water suffer from an acute desquamation of the mucous lining of the whole digestive tract, by which they become incapable of assimilating food. This was held to be the reason that salmon do not feed as they ascend the river, and with this conclusion of the scientists it seemed to baffle us, who were not men of science but simple anglers, to rest content, if wondering. For the space of two years we have so rested in our wonder. But now there has appeared one, Dr. J. Kingston Barton, a well-known medical man in the West End of London, who is



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FROM THE WEST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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FROM THE SOUTH.

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not only ready and willing to challenge this assertion of the Scottish Fishery Board, but actually has already so challenged it in a paper published in the April number of the *Journal of Anatomy and Physiology*, a fact that is in itself a considerable guarantee that the conclusions at which Dr. Barton has arrived are fully established. To most of us, who are simple anglers and not scientific men at all, it does not happen to read the *Journal of Anatomy and Physiology* any more than it happens to us to have the means at command, or the knowledge, to test the conclusions arrived at so scientifically by the Scottish Fishery Board. Dr. Barton has been more fortunately placed. A most keen sportsman and angler, he has had the scientific training to qualify him for investigations of this nature, and also unusually fine opportunities of conducting his experiments in the laboratories of the Jenner Institute. Thus at every stage of the enquiry his processes have been open to the minute inspection of other scientific men. There has been no secrecy respecting them. Many men of science have looked into Dr. Barton's experiments and found that his conclusions are perfectly just and inevitable. The primary conclusion is that the Scottish Fishery Board's report is entirely wrong in saying that salmon suffer from any wasting catarrh of the lining of the digestive tract on entering fresh water. No such disease takes place at all; the fish simply undergo a physiological fast, such as happens to many fish and other animals for various reasons.

At first sight this direct counter given to the conclusions of so eminent a body seems a very surprising stroke indeed, and one is inclined to ask whether it really can be justified. But Dr. Barton's arguments and exposition of his view at once convince us of its sweet reasonableness, and not only so, but at the same time, with rare charity, convince us of the equal reasonableness (from the data on which they argued) of those others, the Scottish Fishery Board, that arrived at a conclusion diametrically opposite. These data, apparently identical in both cases (being in both cases the stomachs of salmon), were really, for the purposes of this investigation, entirely different. The suspicion entered Dr. Barton's mind that the reason why the microscopists who examined the stomachs of the fish for the Scottish Fishery Board found them wanting in the mucous lining of the digestive tract might be that the fish had not been recently killed, or at least that the parts examined had not been put into preservatives soon enough after the fish's death. Acting on this suspicion, he went, rod and line in one hand and spirits and formalin in the other, to the river-side, and there caught fish, whose stomachs he, immediately after landing them, transferred into the preservative fluids. Subsequent microscopic examination of these interiors showed conclusively that their condition was perfectly normal, and showed none of that waste or catarrh that were demonstrated by the scientific operators for the Scottish Board.

Other fish caught at the same time, but not treated

with immediate care for their preservation, were examined in the same way, and in their case the mucous lining was in a condition that tallied exactly with the description of the state of things as found by the Scottish people. Even further than this, already sufficient length, Dr. Barton proved his view, by examination of fish caught far out in estuaries, with herring in them. In their case, no less, if the stomach was left for any time before examination, it would be in a condition that would justly dispose the microscopist to think that it had suffered from catarrh while the fish was yet alive, although it is morally certain that while that fish was alive it was in a perfectly healthy condition.

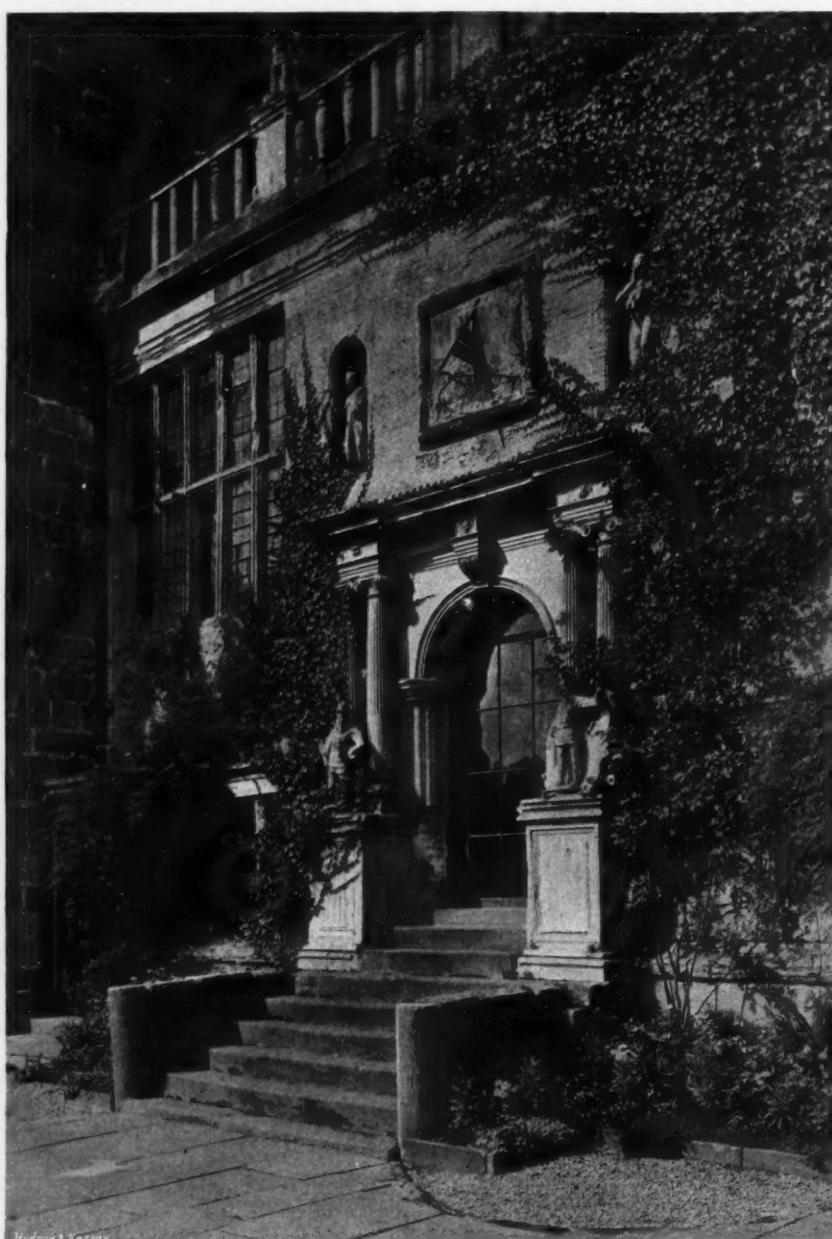
It appears, therefore, that Dr. Barton has proved this new view of his both backward and forward, negatively and positively. He has proved that the mucous lining of the digestive tract of fish that have been long in fresh water shows no sign of waste if

preserved as soon as the fish are killed, and has proved also that the same part of a fish taken practically in salt water shows every sign of waste unless preserved soon after death. There is no escape from his conclusions except by denying the facts that he adduces, and to do that is impossible in face of the array of scientific men who are able and willing to vouch for them.

Of course it puts the Fishery Board of Scotland in a position not of the most dignified, but at the time Dr. Barton's own experiments show that on the data that they were given, those men of science must inevitably have arrived at the conclusions that in fact they did reach. It is thus no reflection on their knowledge or experimental ability to have the counter stroke thus given so directly to their conclusions. With the material that was before them they could have done no otherwise, and it was by the exercise of no ordinary acumen that Dr. Barton succeeded in detecting the fault in the material that vitiated the conclusions of the experiments made upon it.

We are therefore reduced somewhat to the same position, in our science of salmon life, as before the Scottish Fishery Board issued, in 1898, its generally accepted report. We know that salmon feed scarcely at all, if at all, as they ascend the rivers. We had explained that by the explanation, more difficult perhaps to accept than the fact, that their digestive tracts were not in a condition to assimilate food. That explanation we now have to abandon, and must be for ever grateful to Dr. Barton for the clever dissipation of the error.

We are forced back on the barren truth that salmon feed but very little as they go up the rivers, and can only say that, strange as the fact appears to creatures constituted as ourselves to "take our meals regular," it is scarcely more strange than the similar facts in the lives of many other creatures, especially fishes, which, like the salmon, have their periodical times of fast.

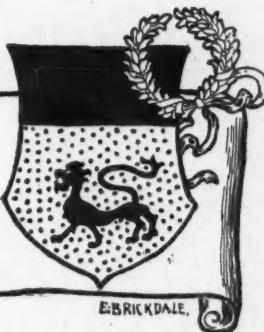


Copyright THE SUNDIAL AND PORCH AT FOUNTAINS HALL. "C.L."



THE KING'S MASK.

BY
ARTHUR W.
MARCHMONT.



EBRICKDALE.

THE King from the first was fascinated with the thing, as indeed I knew he would be. He was a miserable coward, with the instincts of a spy and the amorousness of a light-of-love, and his little cunning nature saw in it unlimited opportunities of safe love-making and successful spying. He was like a child in his delight.

It was a dangerous weapon to put into the hands of such a man, of course. I knew that well enough, but in a measure my hands were forced. I had felt my influence beginning to wane, and was looking for some master-stroke to re-establish it, when that wily Italian, Laprizzi, came my way and offered me the secret of the masks.

It was a most ingenious and indeed a beautiful device by which a skin mask could be made with such exquisite perfection, that while it offered an absolute disguise to the wearer, it defied detection from even the sharpest eyes. The main secret lay in the preparation of the material—a kind of skin as fine as the finest silk, partially transparent, and of the hue of a somewhat tawny human complexion, and dressed with such rare skill that it was as plastic and mobile as the face skin itself. Thus when it was fastened to the face of the wearer with an adhesive paste, it allowed for a most natural play of features and expression.

There were also a number of beautifully fine flesh-coloured springs concealed with consummate art in the material; and they were carefully moulded to and fastened round the eyes and in the nostrils and mouth, so that these were left open; and it was all so delicately and deftly done, that even round the eyes there was no sign of any mask other than a somewhat heavy wrinkle.

On the mask any complexion could be laid, and, of course, any coloured hair; while the alteration in the shape of face and feature was effected by means of delicate pads laid on the face before the mask was stretched over it. The whole was in one piece, extending in front down the neck until covered by the collar, and all was fastened at the back underneath the wig.

As a test of his skill I made Laprizzi fashion a mask of himself and fit it to me; and the deception was so absolute and the result so lifelike that I saw in the mirror standing side by side two Italians, each the precise counterpart of the other.

I took him at once into my service, bought his silence and his secret, and for three months studied hard this mystery of counterfeit.

When I had mastered it, I wrote in my own hand a letter to the King, introducing Laprizzi and asking for an interview, and the request being granted, I went as the Italian to test the efficacy of the mask on his Majesty himself.

The King received me graciously, and listened while, with a profusion of gesture and in an assumed tone, I declared that what I had to say was for his ear alone. I piqued his curiosity until he bade the two gentlemen in attendance withdraw to a distance.

Then I explained the disguise I could offer him, and I watched the light, first of interest and then of cunning speculation, flit over his face.

"What you say is impossible," he said, shaking his head in doubt, though only too willing to be persuaded.

"What I promise your Majesty I can do. The English gentleman who sent me to you knows. He can tell you."

He took out my letter and read it.

"Mr. Tremayne, you mean?"

I lifted my hands and bowed.

"He would not believe till I had proved," I said.

"Where is he? Send for him, someone," cried the King, calling one of the gentlemen to him. "Find Mr. Tremayne, and tell him I desire his presence at once."

I looked at the King and smiled.

"Why do you laugh, you?" he cried, angrily, looking at me closely. A mere suspicion of ridicule was unbearable to him. In a moment I was all humiliation, gesture and apology. I knew

how to play on his moods. I had not made him my daily study for years for nothing.

"You will not find the noble Englishman, your Majesty," I said, with a flourish.

"Not find him. Why not? How do you know this?" he asked, sharply.

"I know what I know," I replied with the air of an oracle.

"Yes, you Italians are always infernally knowing," he muttered in his guttural German.

"The noble Englishman has always been your staunch friend, and yet you have neglected him of late. I see it. I read it. I know."

His Majesty started, and shot such a sharp, shrewd, searching look at me, that he must have discovered the secret had it been discoverable. Then he bent toward me and said in a low, half-caressing tone:

"Did he send you to say this, my friend?" I smiled again, for all the restraint I had put on myself; and at the smile he started back and showed his teeth in a sort of half-snarling, half-calculating look.

"He did not send me, but he knows I have said it," I answered, ambiguously. "I know many things. I can read thoughts," and I whispered to him a little secret about himself known only to us two.

He turned pale and then swore. I had worked his curiosity to fever pitch.

"Fore God, man, how did you learn that?" he cried, all excitement now. "Stay. I must speak with you alone. Come into my closet," and he led the way to the room beyond, where we had planned many an adventure. "Now speak plainly, and tell me who and what you are, and what you want."

I paused to give the greater effect to my words, while he waited breathless with curiosity, and then I said in my natural voice:

"I am Stephen Tremayne, ever your Majesty's most devoted, but lately somewhat neglected liege, and I have come to show you the most singularly complete disguise that ever a man wore to prove my constant fidelity to your interests."

I shall never forget his surprise. He fell back a couple of paces and stared at me speechless, his fair hairless face a perfect mask of astonishment.

"Tremayne! You? It's your voice, but——"

"It is myself, sire," and then I explained the thing to him.

Instantly he was all anxiety to know the secret and to see the real Laprizzi; but I told him Laprizzi was a figment, and that I alone knew the secret and could use it, for I had no mind to let the power slip out of my own hands.

"It is wonderful!" he cried; and began like a child to finger my face, pinching the skin, examining it close to the light, and seeking to find the springs and discover the secret. He was consumed with a desire to possess a disguise, and from that moment gave me no peace until I had prepared one for him.

I was immediately reinstalled in the highest favour, and when I hinted, as I did pretty broadly, at the expense of the thing, he gave me such a sum of money as would have made his not over-rich German subjects wince had they known it.

But the money was none too easily earned; and indeed, could I have foreseen all that this business was to lead to, I think I would have cut off my right hand before putting it to such use.

The King made a most ungracious pupil. The tightness of the skin mask, the pressure of the wires and springs, the need for constant wariness, the hundred and one little restraints and observances which the disguise entailed were hateful to him. I persevered, however, and when all was completed and we two sallied forth for the first time one evening into the streets arm in arm, I as myself, he as a bearded English tourist, his delight knew no bounds.

He was like a schoolboy with an unexpected half-holiday. He grinned and grimaced and joked with all we met; ogled the girls—he was always clever at that; and jostled and chaffed the men, showing a knowledge of German slang that few Englishmen could have possessed; and when they turned and swore at him, he roared with laughter in sheer exuberance of irresistible merriment.

He made a droll Englishman, it is true, and I had to warn him many times to keep himself in check, reminding him of the

serious results that might follow if we got embroiled in any row. But he was irrepressible, and I was unfeignedly glad when we got back to my house and he became the King once more.

But he had now tasted the sweets of irresponsibility, and was keen to drink deeper.

State worries kept him busy for a few days—though he found time for one more short excursion—and then he startled me by declaring he should attend a ball that the Graf von Wagner was to give a fortnight hence, and that I was to prepare a suitable disguise, and also get him a card in a private capacity.

I remonstrated with him on the ground that it involved me in something like a breach of hospitality, but he silenced me immediately.

"The King can do no wrong, Mr. Tremayne," he said, very sharply. "It is your own country's maxim." And I did not think it politic to tell him how completely he had misapplied it.

"As your Majesty pleases," I returned, recognising his mood of pig-headed obstinacy and knowing well the futility of opposing it. He was as dogged as a steam-hammer in the furtherance of a whim of pleasure.

I set to work with Laprizza, therefore, and together we produced an excellent mask; and I also succeeded in procuring an invitation for the "Count von Rosthorn," a friend of mine supposed to be coming from one of the northern states of the Empire.

We started from my house, and I endeavoured to instil into his Majesty the great difference between taking a short walk incognito and maintaining a character consistently for some hours as he would now have to do. But the only heed he paid was to laugh at my doubts, and to declare, with more than self-satisfied conceit, that he was a very much better actor than I; and that as I had deceived him with a disguise, he could, of course, easily deceive others—a reason that gave me only cold comfort.

I was indeed afraid that the adventure would have ugly consequences. Our host was not particular in the choice of his friends. Some rough roystering spirits were pretty sure to be present, and I did not at all relish the responsibility of piloting single-handed his Majesty through the troubled waters of a rowdy assembly. But the King was in splendid spirits.

"Break that glum face of yours with a smile, Tremayne," he said, chuckling. "This is no funeral, man. Laugh, joke, be merry—don't sit moping like an owl;" and he clapped me on the back. "They'll think I'm bringing an undertaker's man."

"There have been funerals for less cause than this," said I so earnestly that the laugh died in his throat.

But his momentary seriousness passed away quickly enough under the flashing lights, garish colours, and warm brilliance of the ball-rooms; and as the King looked round at the number of pretty women, his enthusiasm bubbled over and he cried:

"Lord! Tremayne, but I seem to live for the first time. What would the people think if they knew me? For the first time in my life I'll have a flirtation on my own merits—at least, on your merits, for my face is your making, and I'll act up to your skill."

"I pray your Majesty to be cautious. There are plenty of rough spirits here who would have scant respect for any stranger who should chance to meddle in their love affairs. Remember, you are only one in a crowd here, not *the* one."

"Heavens! who's that lovely girl over there? Man, I must have an introduction," he cried, excitedly, pointing to where a girl had just entered from one of the adjoining rooms, and laughing my caution to the winds. "And look at that sulky-faced bully in attendance. She's the loveliest girl here; and see if I don't send that master scowler about his business. Get him away, Tremayne, and have me introduced. Quick! man, quick!"

"I beg your Majesty to—"

"At least there is one man in the room who knows my rank and will do my bidding, surely," he cried, flashing a blazing look on me.

"It will only lead to trouble," I said, warily; but he stamped his foot and insisted. Always his way when he was set on some piece of especial tomfoolery. I began to scent trouble, but it was useless to meet it half-way; so I set about doing what he wished.

I introduced the "Count von Rosthorn" to the girl, Stephanie Hardmuth, and then engaging the man whose name was Von Unger in conversation, I led him away to another part of the room. I knew him for a great scoundrel, of whom plenty of evil was to be heard and no good; and on one occasion he had done me an ill turn for which I owed him a big debt, that I should not be at all unwilling to pay.

I watched him now, therefore, with a sort of fearsome glee, as he kept shooting glance after glance of moody jealousy at his betrothed, who certainly seemed to take the greatest pleasure in the "Count's" conversation. What so beautiful a girl could see in this wild, dissipated daredevil to marry him, I had never understood, though I had often thought he controlled her, as he did the men about him, by fear of his violence. And yet here was

the King plunging head over heels into trouble with a bully of this type.

I must confess that Von Unger had plenty of cause for complaint. The girl encouraged the "Count" and flirted outrageously, until the angry lover looked as though he could have crossed the room there and then and have shot the pair as they sat laughing, joking, making eyes, and fooling—to all appearances lost to all except the pleasure of each other's company.

The flirtation lasted with some short breaks for some hours, despite my efforts to interrupt it and make the King appreciate the danger he was running. And all the time I had to hover about, keeping such guard over my charge as I could. Von Unger saw something of this, and I think he would have liked to vent his wrath on me.

"Who's your friend?" he growled once, nodding towards the King and scowling.

"Count von Rosthorn."

"Yes, I know his infernal name; but who is he, and what is he?"

"An exceedingly wealthy and influential man, with half the power of Berlin at his back; a personal friend of the Emperor's, and a man most dangerous to touch."

"Can he fight?"

"There's not a living man who could stand five minutes before his sword, and he can write his name with revolver shots. He's been out a dozen times, and there are ten graves and a couple of hopeless cripples to tell of his prowess."

I gave with perfect gravity this excellent record for a man who jumped with fright at the sound of a pistol shot, and trembled if a sword were drawn near him. But it had some effect in cooling Von Unger's ardour for a fight.

"Can I tell you any more?" I asked, with a smile.

He turned away with a curse; and if the King would only have come away then, all would have been well. But he would not.

Instead of coming, indeed, he resented pretty sharply my interference and walked the girl away into a conservatory. I saw Von Unger follow, and thought I had better go too. I arrived just in time to see Von Unger go up to the pair, explain that the next dance was his, and request the girl to go with him to dance it. She refused, giving him such a look from her beautiful eyes as would have maddened me; and she turned deliberately to the King and held out her programme to him.

"This will be the dance I promised you, Count," she said, with a glance that might have been a lover's signal.

"Without a doubt," he answered, as he took the little tablets, scratched out Von Unger's initials and wrote his own.

Von Unger turned as white as the orange-blossom near him, the scent of which was hanging over the place. I saw him clench his fist and look at the King with a look of hate, and I thought he was going to strike him. I knocked over a chair, therefore, and it fell with a great clatter on the tessellated pavement, thus serving to create a diversion and allow of my getting close up to them.

No blow passed. Von Unger drew in his breath hard between his clenched teeth.

"As you will," he said to the girl. Then he glanced at the King with contemptuous insult, snarled out the word "Hound!" and swung on his heel and left. I breathed more freely.

The King laughed, emptily and vainly. I could read the laugh. He depended, as always, upon his kingship to get him through scatheless.

Then I saw the girl look at him, too; and the look showed me her hand. She wished to be free from Von Unger and his bullying, and had forced this quarrel in the hope the two would fight, and Von Unger perhaps be killed. The wicked little devil! But she was sharp enough, too, to see, by the way the King had taken the other man's insult, that there was no fight in the "Count," and the knowledge enraged her.

I made another effort then to get the King away, but it was useless. He was drunk with the glamour of her beauty, and I sat and gnawed my fingers in fear of what was to come.

Later on, at supper, his Majesty got intoxicated in another way. He drank great quantities of wine, enough to have turned a much stronger head than his; and then he grew garrulous, and sat babbling fatuously of the beauty of the divine Stephanie, who by the way had shaken him off soon after the scene in the conservatory had shown he did not mean to fight for her. His Majesty was now boasting of his conquest, and when I saw Von Unger come into the room and sit near enough to us to hear him, I knew a crisis was at hand.

He, too, had been drinking, and when he caught some silly, boastful sentence of the King's, he crossed to us, and said, in a voice trembling with passion:

"That's a lie, and you know it. Take it back, or I'll choke it in your throat."

The wine which the King had taken had seemingly made him forget that he had stripped himself of his customary kingly privileges, and he sat up now and stared at Von Unger with the comical stolidity of intoxication, striving to be dignified.

"Rid me—of this—this fellow," he said to me, jerkily, with a petulant wave of the hand.

I knew too well the danger of the moment to be able to enjoy his humour.

"My friend is not well," I said to Von Unger as quietly as I could. "At another time he will—"

"To hell with another time!" he burst out, furiously. "He's only made a beast of himself and got drunk." (Pleasant this for His Majesty's ears.) "But, drunk or sober, he has interfered with me, and must take the consequences." He was mad with well-nursed rage.

"Do you wish to make a brawl under our host's roof?" I said, sharply. "If you have any quarrel with the Count, of course you can take the usual steps." I spoke very firmly. If I could but once get the King out of the house, the Count von Rosthorn would vanish; and to my relief Von Unger accepted my plea, and went back to his chair, where he sat sullenly eyeing us.

The King laughed inanely.

"Noisy, swashbuckling ruffler. You managed him well, Tremayne."

"For heaven's sake, have a care, your Majesty," I whispered. "Von Unger is one of the most dangerous and determined men in all your realms—a most skilful swordsman and a brilliant shot; and his one thought at this moment is how he is going to slit the throat or put a bullet into the brain of—the Count von Rosthorn." I spoke with such fierce energy that His Cowardship dropped back in his chair, aghast and trembling.

I was heartily ashamed of his conduct. It was all very well for him to get drunk at the palace among his intimates, but it was a very different thing for him to make a beast of himself here in the character of a private gentleman, with me responsible to our host for his behaviour. I was anxious to be off, and was glad to find, therefore, that I had frightened him consumedly.

"I think we'll go, Tremayne. The pretty Stephanie seems to be gone, or lost, or something," he mumbled. "Lovely little bird. I'll cage her yet. Wonder if she's still in the ball-room," and he stood up to go and see. But after a couple of steps he staggered and would have fallen had I not caught him. "Cursed uneven floor," he mumbled, as I half led, half carried him out into the air and told the servants to call my carriage. He leaned, helplessly drunk, on me till it came.

Von Unger watched us as we drove off, and it did not lessen my uneasiness to observe that he had with him a couple of boon companions equally reckless and ill-charactered.

I called to my coachman, therefore, to whip up the horses and make all possible speed, and I sat looking out into the night, listening for any sounds of pursuit, and glancing now and again at the rolling, helpless, flopped figure of the snoring King.

We had covered about half the distance to the Residenz, when a horseman dashed past the window at a gallop, and the next instant the carriage was checked with a suddenness that threw me forward and sent the helpless King rolling to the bottom of the carriage. Then the door was wrenched open before I recovered my balance, and Von Unger's voice said :

"You must get out here, Mr. Tremayne. There are four or five with me resolved to see this thing through. If you make any resistance we shall bind you."

"If you dare to stop me on the highway, I shall inform the King," I said, at a loss what line to take.

"The King be d—d," was the coarse reply. "You took that precious Count to Von Wagner's, and must put up with the consequences."

I had no weapon and was powerless to resist.

"I shall hold you responsible for this," I said.

"Whenever you please; but there's no time to lose now."

With that, two of them seized the King, dragged him from the carriage, and, supporting him in this way, led him into the grounds of a house that stood close by. I told my coachman to wait for me, and followed.

We all entered the house in a body and turned into a large dining-room, furnished with heavy black oak, and having a long table in the centre, covered with a crimson cloth.

I was for a time at my wits' end. I could have put an end to the matter, of course, by revealing the identity of the King, but it would also cause a scandal that might have very serious consequences, while to allow the thing to go on was to imperil his Majesty's life.

They placed him in a large easy chair, where he sat blinking at us all like a mazed owl, and two of the men laughed at the spectacle. I crossed and stood close to him. One thing was certain. If there was blood to be shed, it must be mine and not his, and I saw we were now like to pay a heavy price for our frolic of the mask.

"What do you mean to do, gentlemen?" I asked, as I faced them.

"Fight," answered Von Unger, with grim bluntness.

"You can't fight a man in this state," I replied, sternly, pointing to the King. "I suppose you don't wish to commit murder."

"If we let him go now, will you produce him sober?"

"I will do my utmost," I answered, after a pause. I could not say more, because I knew that no power under Heaven would make the King fight a duel.

"Then we'll take our own line now," was the significant reply.

"If you shoot him in this state I'll have every man of you indicted for murder."

But they did not intend to shoot him drunk. One of them fetched a strong dose of mustard and water and they made his Majesty swallow this powerful emetic; and so severe were the results that he sat the living picture of woebegone misery, limp, bedraggled, and flaccid, the tears streaming from his eyes and his hands pressed to his racking head.

After a few minutes' rest, two of them took him out into the air and walked him up and down until he was sobered.

Von Unger took no part in this grim comedy, but sat with frowning brows, nursing his desire to kill, and eating his heart in rage. So soon as they brought his Majesty back, looking much better than I had thought possible, Von Unger sent one of the other men across to me—a Captain Krugel.

"We will make the preparations," he said, shortly.

"For what?"

"Your man is a well-known duellist, I understand. He will excuse these conditions."

"My man is all shaky with drink, and I won't let him fight in such a state."

"You think he will be afraid?" sneered the captain.

"You can ask him that when he's sober," said I, drily. "Herr von Unger, this duel cannot take place now," I added, raising my voice. "My friend is not fit to fight."

"He was fit to insult me," he growled.

"I won't allow him to fight now, at any rate," I answered, angrily.

"You!" he sneered, and his tone galled me till I winced.

"I will be responsible for producing him at another time," I said, putting restraint on myself.

"I won't accept your word. You declined just now."

"I have altered my decision," I retorted, my anger rising at last.

"It is too late now. He must fight. Captain Krugel, I look to you to complete the arrangements without any more of this shuffling delay."

His manner was so blunt and purposely insulting that, although I had kept my temper under control thus far, I could restrain myself no longer. I saw, too, that he was resolved that someone should fight him, and I recognised that my only course was to draw the quarrel on to my own head.

I stepped forward, and looking across at him, said as calmly as I could :

"I don't know whether I understand you aright. I have offered to pledge my word to produce the Count von Rosthorn at another time. On what ground do you refuse my offer?"

"I don't want anything to do with you, Mr. Tremayne," he answered, insolently.

At the same moment the captain, with some ostentation, laid a couple of pistols and a pair of rapiers on the table.

The mere sight of them made the King shudder with fear.

"I don't allow anyone to speak to me in that tone, Herr von Unger," I said, angrily, clipping my words.

"Indeed! Since when?" he sneered again. "Wait until I have settled this matter, and then I'll talk to you. I can't kill you all at once."

"I am not inclined to allow a matter of honour to wait upon a murder. If you were to murder my friend here you wouldn't be fit to face an honest man's weapon."

"By G—, I won't take that," he shouted, glaring at me.

I looked him steadily in the face and walked round the table to where he stood. My blood was on fire, but I kept my voice cool.

"I may as well tell you all I think of you before you say what you will or will not take. You dared to stop my carriage and play highwayman; you have dragged my friend from my custody; you have insulted him and insulted me; you now want to shoot him or run him through because you think you can do it safely since he's in liquor; and, in short, you are a cowardly, murderous brawler only fit to be kicked." And suiting the action to the word, I swung him round suddenly and kicked him with right good will.

Every man in the room held his breath in amazement.

Von Unger turned on me with tears of rage and humiliation in his eyes.

"You'll fight?" he hissed between his teeth.

"I'll fight on two conditions. That whatever the issue, the Count von Rosthorn goes free until such time as he shall choose to settle accounts with you. And secondly, that our duel takes place in this room and now; that we stand each on one side of the table; that of two pistols only one shall be loaded, the choice to be decided by toss; the winner to fire at once, and the loser, should he draw the loaded pistol, to be at liberty to fire when he pleases. Either you shall have another death on your hands, or

I'll rid the country of a bully," said I, fiercely. My heart was in the work now, and I spoke as I felt.

Fire-eater as he was, he did not relish these conditions; but I held firm, and in the end gained my point. Two of the men went away to load the pistol, and I turned to the King.

"Leave the house at once, sire," I whispered. "You will find my carriage waiting. Get into it, and if I am not with you in ten minutes, you will know I am not coming."

He was far too fright-ridden to answer connectedly, and, mumbling something about never forgetting me, he hurried away.

Captain Krugel came back a moment later with the pistols, and laid them under a cloth in the centre of the table.

Then they placed us in position, facing one another, with the short breadth of the table alone between us.

All was done in dead silence.

Captain Krugel next took a coin, and, poised it ready for the spin, looked at us enquiringly.

I waved my hand toward Von Unger—that he should call.

"Head!" he cried, the word coming thick between his teeth.

The others bent their heads over the coin as it came down.

"It is a head. You choose, Herr von Unger," said the captain.

Von Unger stood a prey to sheer hesitation, looking from one to the other of the little heaps which the pistols made under the cloth; and his hand was at first stretched toward one, then drawn back and moved to the other, and then again stopped.

He sighed with the strain of the decision, and passed his hand across his wet forehead. The men who were watching scarce ventured to draw breath.



C. Reid, Wishaw, N. 7.

O.V. A DEVONSHIRE TOR.

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At length he shut his eyes, let his hand wander aimlessly over the covering cloth, and then rest where first it touched.

Captain Krugel drew out the pistol and handed it to him, and pushed the other to me.

I laid it in front of me and stood with my hand gripping it tightly, as I nerved myself to meet the most terrible crisis of my life. I looked up, and the barrel of Von Unger's pistol was so close to me that instinctively I caught my breath as the certainty was borne in on me that he could not possibly miss me, while the lowering, scowling, brutal, murderous face behind it seemed the most horrible and damnable sight my eyes had ever seen.

The tension was supreme, unendurable, awe-inspiring, and I had to force out of my mind every thought except of the absolute necessity of keeping firm for the honour of my own country. I stared fixedly, doggedly, and rigidly straight into the barrel of the pistol, which seemed to grow suddenly to an enormous size, and I was calculating where the bullet would hit me, when the trigger was pulled.

There was a flash and a report. I caught my breath. But that was all. I was uninjured.

He had drawn the blank cartridge.

The men round drew each a deep breath.

Then Von Unger flung his smoking pistol down with an oath, and, crossing his arms, faced me doggedly. But he was very white. There had been the even chance of escape for me when I had faced his pistol, but he knew he was looking straight at certain death. He watched me with a kind of quick, fascinated curiosity.

But I did not mean to shoot him then.

I took up the pistol, but did not level it.

"The conditions are that I fire this when I please," I said, shortly. "I do not fire now, but I shall claim the fulfilment of the condition if Her von Unger has not left the kingdom within a week from now; if he should ever return; or, lastly, if he attempts to interfere again with the Count von Rosthorn;" and without giving them time to recover from the astonishment which my words caused and at the sudden turn things had taken, I left the house and hurried to the King.

Two minutes later we were dashing at top speed along the road to the Residenz, congratulating ourselves that no worse results had come from so dangerous an affair.

EXMOOR PONIES.

If your fortune should ever take you to hunt in Devonshire, the worst and most amusing of hunting countries, you will not fail to be edified by the sight of stout West Country farmers clinging to the tails of rat-bodied ponies, and in this wise being dragged over those immense banks which are the delightful and wasteful Devonian way of dividing fields. Then the farmer will mount his pony again on the far side of the bank and pursue his journey of cross-cuts after the hounds. And when you confess your wonder, you are likely to be told "It is an Exmoor." As if that explained everything.

It explains, in fact, a mighty deal. It explains how it is that this pony, seemingly rather weedy, can support so great a weight of anything but weedy humanity, in the person of a worthy compatriot of John Ridd, who sits on its back and is pulled by it over banks. It explains, too, the pony's capacity for going on the greater part of a long day with this weight on its back, and repeating the performance twice or three times a week. It explains its faculty for climbing—it is more a question of climbing than of jumping—up and down these huge banks. It explains its incapacity for making a false step as it goes down a combe-side, with rattling stones and catchy brushwood making its surface horrid, and it explains its utter incapacity, under what pressure of circumstances soever, of putting its foot into a dangerous bog. For this pony is one of the semi-wild Exmoor ponies that have been brought up from infancy and for generations in these surroundings of slippery steeps, of deep bogs, of none too rich pasture, and of hard living generally. On the moor they are not astonishingly smart to look at, and often are ragged and lean, but under the lean flesh and ragged coat a keen

eye for form can see the excellent shoulder that gives the sureness of foot, and the good shape that means strength and endurance.

The Exmoors, it is true, err somewhat on the side of being too small. They could not carry the fat farmers with the hounds if the point was to live with them and keep on their heels. But this is not the point in the Devonshire hunting. The point is, rather, to be cunning, to know what the fox means to do, to cut off the line at places, and stick to it by all means while we can. But much of the country is absolutely unrideable. There are "bottoms," as they are called, to the combes, along which generally runs a stream between deep banks, and no horse, short of Pegasus, could get over them. One has to use one's head, or the head of someone else who knows the country better, and "ride cunning." For the climbing business these ponies are as good as a horse and better, and what the farmer lacks in pace over the flat he generally makes up by better knowledge of the country. This is not said of the stag-hunting, or even of the moorland fox-hunting, but of the lowland work. Even with the staghounds, a man on a pony may see all that is done three days out of four. The fourth day they get a run over hill and valley that requires a horse with blood to live with. The other three days the deer will dodge up and down the streams, and the pony will do all the work demanded.

The best use of the Exmoor is to cross him with a thoroughbred. The result is a real little beauty; you get size adequate to a medium weight and perfection of form, hardness, and general usefulness. They usually retain all the cleverness acquired by their forebears, who had to shift for themselves in the bleak and steep places of the moor. Of all the breeds of ponies in the British Isles or in the world, the best to our thinking is the Exmoor.



THE ordinary visitor to Hampton Court, after having tramped through an endless succession of quadrangles, cloisters, halls, galleries, and state chambers, and having bewildered his brain with gazing at hundreds upon hundreds of pictures, tapestries, carvings, and furniture, will not unnaturally think that he has more than done his duty as a sightseer for one mortal day. When, therefore, exhausted with these peripatetic labours, he descends into the gardens, he has little thought or energy left for anything but a stroll in the fresh air or a stretching of weary limbs in a shady seat, with perhaps a languid admiration for the profusion of flowers and the beautifully kept expanses of lawn. Yet, if his tastes in gardening are worthy of the name he will have caught glimpses in various directions exciting the desire to explore at his leisure many an alluring corner in the old-fashioned gardens that surround the palace.

It is a few of these, and a few only out of an abounding number, that we propose to describe and to illustrate, incidentally endeavouring to show how much of their attractiveness they owe to accessories, until recently too often despised. The particular reference is to such embellishments to gardens—outside the range of horticulture pure and simple—as dwarf terraces, enclosing walls, recesses, and niches of old red brickwork; balustrades, pedestals, steps, urns, vases, sundials, copings and pavings of stonework; ornamental gates, screens, railings, and brackets of wrought iron; and leadwork in moulded forms, such as pinnacles, vases, statues, cisterns, and the like.

Fortunate indeed is it that these things in Hampton Court Gardens, rich as they are in historical associations, should, to a great extent, still remain to us, and have suffered but little from the successive vagaries of fashion in gardening.

Even "Capability" Brown, the destroyer of half the old gardens in England, quailed before the task of colossal vandalism, proposed to him on his appointment as head gardener to the King, of transforming the enclosures, parterres, terraces, slopes, avenues, and canals of Hampton Court into an undulating "natural landscape" of meadow, meandering roads, and clumps of trees. His alterations, indeed, were so meagre that those who are advocates of what may be called toleration in gardening art cannot be too thankful for this instance of unaccustomed forbearance on the part of one who might have done much worse.

Before proceeding to discuss in detail the illustrations we set before our readers, the writer would explain the use he has made in his title of the word "gardenage." This is an old English expression which might with advantage be revived, as it has no other equivalent, and connotes a number of ideas and things which can at present be only conveyed by circumlocutions. By gardenage the old writers, especially the authors of treatises on gardens, such as "Didymus Mountain," Gerarde, Switzer, and others, meant not so much the planting and the growth of trees, shrubs, and flowers, and the care of paths, lawns, flower beds, and rare plants, which are adequately denoted by the word "gardening," but rather gardening in the widest sense of the word. Gardenage, in fact, is the art which deals with the



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THE OLD POND GARDEN.

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WOLSEY'S, OR THE ORANGERY GARDEN.

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selection of ground and its laying out—including therein the formation of parks, plantations, avenues, canals, etc.—the arrangement of aspect, the adaptation of the natural configuration of the soil to the formation of levels, slopes, and terraces; the harmonious adjustment in figure, size, and proportion of the ground surrounding the dwelling-house to the size, shape, and architectural features of the building; the division of the ground by walls, hedges, and plantations; the erection of garden-houses, greenhouses, porticos; the forming of arbours,

pergolas, and aviaries, and the making of ponds, fountains, and canals.

One of the most charming examples of old English gardenage at Hampton Court is the sunk garden called the Pond Garden. It was made by Henry VIII., and has been little altered since his time. With its low enclosing walls of red brick, backed by hedges of hornbeam and lime, and garlanded in the spring with the blossom of clematis and fragrant clusters of wistaria, its old stone corners shaped as pedestals, whereon

formerly stood the king's heraldic beasts, its circular fountain, its dwarf border walls with their coping stones, this survival of Tudor times, with four centuries of historical association, has a charm that is in its way unique. Beyond the hedges on all three sides are similar enclosed walled parterres, with cosy wind-sheltered, sun-catching nooks. In one of these stands the Banqueting House, the upper part of which is seen in our view; but most of which, having been rebuilt by Wren for William III., is of later date than the gardens in which it stands. Wolsey's, or the Orangery Garden, is another small garden enclosed by a low red brick wall. To the north-east of it is a corner of the old Tudor palace, originally occupied by Cardinal Wolsey, and to the north-west the orangery, or "greenhouse," as it was also called, which was built by Wren for William and Mary about 1690. It has many points of resemblance to the splendid orangery at Kensington Palace, also built by Sir Christopher for Queen Anne; but, albeit on a much smaller scale and much simpler, it is not unpleasing, especially when its walls are



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THE DOLPHIN FOUNTAIN.

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covered in the spring with the early blossom of *Pyrus japonica*, *Forsythia suspensa*, *jasmine*, *clematis*, and *wistaria*.

Another view in the same orangery garden shows us the quaint old dolphin fountain, dating, perhaps, from the time of Queen Elizabeth. The rising curve of the coping of the wall indicates where the fountain is. Here we have an example of how a simple piece of good artistic work becomes—to a certain extent by mere age and lapse of time and its modulating influence—an object of much beauty and delight. The weather-marks, the lichen, the chlorophyl, all aid in enduing with pleasing light and shade and softness of tone and outline, enhanced by the aspect of the old wall in which it is set; and this wall itself, though nothing but a few bricks mortared together—how eloquently does it speak to the eye? The alternating action of light and darkness over centuries of years, of moisture and of drought, of sunshine and of frost, is seen in the texture of the surface, which no craftsman could imitate, no artist reproduce. These bricks, in fact, have a "history," and each one its own, photographed on it, as it were, and treasured up in its inmost structure. This is not the teaching only of mere mysticism and sentiment, but of the molecular theory of positive science.

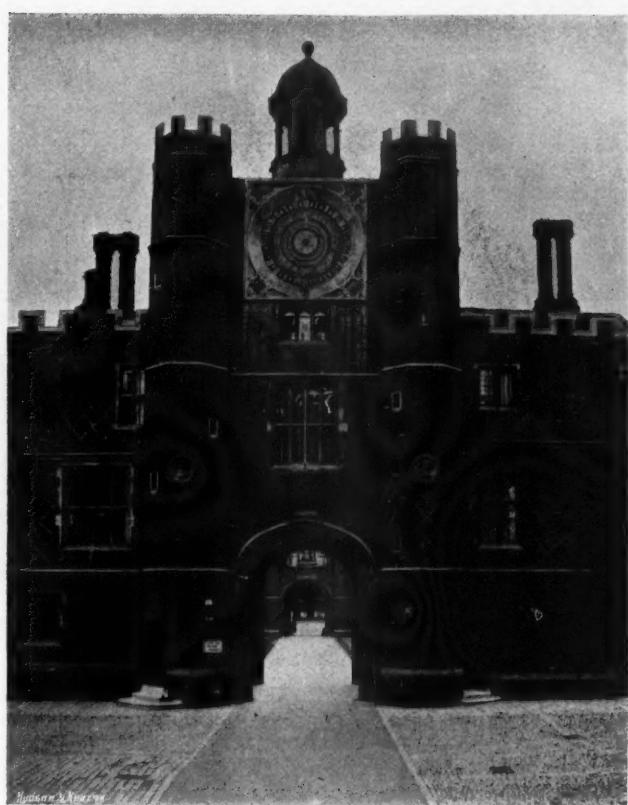
Moreover, apart from this, each brick in old brickwork like this—unlike the products of the modern brickyard, which are all made as like each other as possible—has a palpable

individuality in tone and hue, varying from deep crimson or purple to light red. In a few rods of an old red brick wall it is easy to pick out a score of bricks each of entirely a different colour. Bearing in mind these facts, one recognises the futility, as well as the falsity, of restoration; of the sham old, and the imitation antique—excepting in a certain measure in the case of old material used again, where, though the old entity is broken, it survives as it were in disjointed fragments.

Belonging to a later period—that is, the last few years of the reign of William III—is another attractive example of old English gardenage, namely, the private garden lying to the south of Wren's building, and laid out by the famous gardeners London and Wise. It is sunk about 12ft. below the summit of the two sloped terraces that rise on either side of the garden, and about 2ft. below the broad walk on the south side of the palace. A notable object in this private garden is Queen Mary's Bower. The plan is seen very clearly in our illustration, which shows a beautiful aspect in early summer, when the shrubbery on both sides of the grass walk is a veritable cascade of

blossom—lilac, thorn, laburnum, syringa, Judas trees, and so forth.

There are included in this series of views two of the palace itself. The first of these, of the Clock Tower and Anne Boleyn's Gateway, is interesting and connected with our subject in that it shows two different treatments of the area



J. S. Catford. THE CLOCK TOWER. Copyright—"C.L."



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A VIEW OVER THE PRIVATE GARDEN.

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of the quadrangles—the nearer or inner, called the Clock or Stone Court, with stone-paved Purbeck pitching, the other called the First Green Court, with turf—a recent restoration. The range of brick buildings, and the tower and turrets, may be commended as affording a good example of Tudor domestic Gothic architecture. The great stone frame, under the campanile of the time of Charles II., encloses Henry VIII.'s astronomical clock, set up by him in the year of his marriage to Catherine Howard. Lower down, over the apex of the arch, is a shield with Cardinal Wolsey's arms, an interesting bit of work in terra-cotta, of which material likewise are the medallion heads of two of the Caesars on the adjacent turrets. Here again is a decorative material, formerly much used in old English gardens for vases, fountains, and flower-pots, admirably suited to our climate, very durable, and most deserving of revival. But then it should be such as was the fine old Italian terra-cotta, beautifully designed, and used in appropriate positions, not like the modern tea garden atrocities, products of the early efforts—forty or fifty years ago—of our art schools, some of which, placed in most unsuitable positions, were allowed, even until quite recently, to deface the gardens of Hampton Court.

The other view of the building is that of the roof, parapets, turrets, and chimneys above Cardinal Wolsey's lodgings, in which, on either side of the large turret, surmounted by the leaden cupola, we get glimpses downwards over the old Tudor Gardens. Beyond them are the river, then the railway station,



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A VIEW FROM THE ROOF, LOOKING WEST.

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the village of East Molesey, and in the distance Sandown Park Race-course and the woods of Esher Place by the soft winding of the silent Mole.

IN THE GARDEN.

SUMMER GARDENING.

IT is early June. The flowers of the spring months have passed away, leaving the garden in a transition stage, when plantings must take place at once to maintain gay beds and borders from now until the winter. Everything may be put out—tender and almost tropical things—as we are practically safe from frost; even late ones, which play sad havoc with plants turned into the beds too soon. Aim at simplicity in arrangement, giving everything ample space to



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QUEEN MARY'S BOWER, IN PRIVATE GARDEN.

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develop, and especially in distribution of colour is this essential. We see terrible mixtures sometimes—harsh dingy purple and violent rose, colours that should be studiously avoided, because never resulting in satisfying effects. A pure colour is infinitely preferable to any fashionable shades of maroon or purple. Plant out Dahlias and mulch Roses, keeping a close watch for insect pests, which are very troublesome once they become established upon the plants. A few sharp syringings with clean water occasionally will do much towards keeping the plants thoroughly clean. How bright the well-planted garden now is with its Irises, Pinks, Sweet Peas, Poppies, and a hundred other good perennials. Gardening gives little trouble if reasonable attention be given to the plants. To allow the Sweet Peas to form seeds is a mistake, because the plants cannot bear a double burden, and quickly "give out," as the gardeners say. Spring flowers such as Primroses, Auriculas, and similar things removed from the beds after flowering to make way for the summer flowers should be watered occasionally during the summer months, and Violets also, otherwise they become infested with red spider, a certain sign of dryness at the root.

SOME RECENT NEW PLANTS.

Geum miniatum aurantiacum.—This is a bright rock garden plant, shown recently before the Royal Horticultural Society and given an award of merit. It was raised by the exhibitor, Mr. Amos Perry, of Winchmore Hill, who, we believe, has been making a series of crosses between the Geums, with evidently some interesting results. This form was raised between *G. Heldreichi* and *G. miniatum*, and has well-shaped flowers of a warm orange-yellow colour, which is intensified against the deep green leaves, forming quite a tuft of vigorous growth. It is unquestionably a new rock garden plant, distinct and bright.

Asparagus Sprenger variegatus.—There are few more graceful and distinct plants in cultivation under glass than *A. Sprenger*, so dense green and, if we may so say, fluffy, simply a crowd of slender leaf-clothed stems. One sees its full charm when used in a basket, or placed in a pot upon a pedestal to permit the stems to hang down. *Variegatus* is quite variegated. There is, in truth, little green left in it, the whole plant being of a pretty silvery grey colour, otherwise the two are much alike in general aspect.

A double Madwort.—We saw lately quite a double variety of the Madwort (*Alyssum saxatile* fl. pl.), which forms such a charming companion to the double *Arabis albida*, about which we wrote recently. This *Alyssum* has the same golden effect as the type, so familiar upon rock gardens and walls, but its flowers are even richer, which, of course, one can well understand, as each is like a little rosette and produced in profusion.

Two rare Tulips.—We were very pleased to see at one of the meetings of the Royal Horticultural Society lately a mass of the two rare *Tulips*, *T. Borszczowi* and *T. Kolpakowskiana*. They were shown by that ardent lover of flowers, Miss Willmott, and staged in a way we hope will be followed more frequently by other exhibitors in the future, being massed in bold tin receptacles covered over with raffia. Too often the effect of an exhibit is entirely spoilt by some vase or pot of horrible colour utterly at variance with the flowers in them. *T. Kolpakowskiana* is of remarkable colour; it is of fairly strong growth, and may, therefore, be planted in the rock garden without fear of failure, and the stem and leaf are both graceful, the segments pure vermilion except for the orange base, whilst the black stigmas intensify the other warm colour. *T. Borszczowi* is quite distinct. Its flowers are very bright in colour, yellow within but suffused with rosy pink outside. We think these species might succeed well in the grass. The slender graceful kinds are well placed under these conditions.

ALPINE FLOWERS AT THE TEMPLE SHOW.

One of the chief features of interest at the beautiful flower show in the Temple Gardens of the Royal Horticultural Society, consisted of the Alpine

flowers, shown in many cases in quite natural groups, little miniature rock gardens, unusual and distinct. This way of showing flowers is not new, but it is increasing in popularity and must tend to promote an increased love for rock garden plants. In several of these exhibits quite a garden was represented, in which were the *Gentianella*, *Gentiana verna*, *Saxifragas*, *Sempervivums*, *Linarias*, and other flowers only happy in these positions.

SOWING BIENNIAL AND OTHER FLOWERS.

This is a very good time of the year to sow biennial flowers and seed of Primroses, Auriculas, Polyanthus, and plants that bloom in the spring. The seed is now ripe, and generally it is wise to sow it whilst fresh. It is very interesting to watch the results of sowing seed from a good collection of flowers. One is always looking out for something quite new and beautiful in colour. In getting together races of flowers, sowings should always be made from the most beautiful kinds, otherwise, of course, it is impossible to expect better than the original strain. The seed should be sown in shallow boxes of light soil, and placed out of doors or in a rough wooden frame. Such a frame as this is of great use in the garden for raising hardy flowers from seed and for striking cuttings. Sow thinly, and if the young plants are very crowded prick them out into other boxes, or they may be transferred direct to the open ground, lifting them to the positions they are to permanently occupy in the autumn. Slugs are partial to seedlings, so be careful not to lose good plants by destroying these marauders. It is advisable to first try the seedlings in a bed before bringing them into the flower garden proper to ascertain whether there are any poor colours, which, of course, would spoil the bed. Then any especially handsome kind may be selected and grown on. In this way such Primroses as Miss Massey have been raised, a variety of deep self crimson colour with yellow eye.

THE HYBRID RHODODENDRONS.

It is astonishing how many hybrid Rhododendrons have been raised of late years, and we are pleased that such is the case, because there is no more beautiful race than this, the species themselves being amongst the most luxuriant shrubs in the world's flora. The majority of the crosses have been made with the Himalayan forms, those big clustered flowers of tender colour and sweet fragrance, not always hardy in England, but quite so in the extreme south of Ireland and in Cornwall. We have mentioned several hybrids of late that may be tried in the open garden in the south, and in Cornwall much of the beauty of the pleasure grounds is due to the Rhododendrons—*griffithianum*, *arboreum*, *Edgeworthii*, and others, as handsome in leaf as in blossom. Where the plants cannot be trusted in the open they may be planted in the temperate house or conservatory, or grown even in pots, though under those conditions they lose much of their luxuriant beauty. We dislike to see shrubs capable of expansion and riotous growth limited to pots; it is unnatural and unsatisfying. Planted, however, in the shady glade, in the woodland, or amongst other shrubs, their true character is revealed. We hope that raisers will not restrict their productions to those possessing simply flowers of quite soft colours, as one desires strong decided shades, too. When in the Royal Gardens, Kew, lately, we noticed magnificent plants in the temperate house of the hybrid Countess of Haddington, amongst the first ever raised, and of *R. griffithianum*. It is only when they are planted out that one can appreciate their full beauty. *Rhododendron Coombe Royal* is a recent hybrid from Exeter; it was raised by Messrs. R. Veitch of that town, and is quite hardy in the open ground. The flowers are large, borne in a cluster, and white, touched with pink, with brownish-crimson spots upon the upper petals.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We are always pleased to assist our readers in matters of difficulty concerning the garden.

A BOOK OF THE DAY.

BET it confessed, not without shame, that the writer does not know or cannot remember whether Mrs. Arthur Kennard has written other books than "The Second Lady Delcombe" (Hutchinson), which has, in the course of a few weeks, and in one of the worst publishing seasons on record, achieved the success of a second large edition. If she has done so, her enterprising publishers have neglected their duty of giving the reviewer the necessary information on the title page, and have been careless of the sweet uses of advertisement into the bargain, which is hardly likely. If she has not, then this is a remarkable first effort which opens out the hope that in Mrs. Arthur Kennard we have a new novelist, not, indeed, so far, of the first order of merit, but of very much more than ordinary interest and charm. But for the moment, at any rate, our concern is with the modestly-equipped volume under the above-named title and with its virtues, and the fate of those volumes which are, one hopes, to come, lies in the laps of the gods.

Emphatically this is a very telling story, albeit by no means free from faults, which will be mentioned later for two reasons. Firstly, they are not sufficiently gross to impair the general value of the book; they may, therefore, be alluded to without any suspicion of ill-nature in the reviewer. Secondly, they are remediable with ease, and the next book, if it is as interesting in point of conception and construction, and free from these defects, will be very much better than this one is. Now for the story. We all know in fiction, and in some measure in real life also, the conventional American girl who comes over to Europe and is married to an earl, a marquis, or a duke. She is, of course, rich. She talks about "Poppa," who is either dead, having made his pile, or slaving away in Wall Street or in Chicago to make or increase the fortune which his women folk honour him by spending in London, in Paris, in Rome, and elsewhere. She, the conventional American girl of fiction, is remarkable for her innocent disregard of the conventions, for her apparent lack of feeling, for a certain garishness in dress, and for a calculating habit of mind. Then one meets the real American girl in social life, and the result is a feeling of resentment against the stock novelist. He has told half the truth and no more; he has omitted to notice the pure goodness of nature which lies, in nine cases out of ten, hidden beneath hardness which is merely superficial; he has not observed the keen wit and the direct humour of the American girl; he has forgotten to call attention to her wonderful power of adapting herself to circumstances; he has even missed that habit of carrying herself well which seems to be her birthright. But Mrs. Arthur Kennard has done nothing of the kind, and the American girl of the period ought to be grateful to an author who, without sparing her eccentricities and so making the picture unreal, has also shown her in her true goodness of heart and purity of purpose.

Rita Frost, when Lord Delcombe first met her in the train on the way to Paris, was "slim and, though by no means short, produced the impression of being small. Her face was oval, her complexion of a wholesome pallor, her eyebrows and lashes dark, and her clear direct eyes looked as if neither sorrow nor sentiment had ever veiled their depths." She was also, it must be confessed, more than a little vulgar and ignorant, and apparently the legitimate prey of the aristocratic fortune-hunter. That, in a measure, was the character of Delcombe. He had been divorced, or had divorced his wife—the author is not quite clear and consistent on this rather important point—he was head over ears in debt, he possessed an amiable son at Eton named Tony, and a sister, commonly called Di, who may be classed as the ordinary but excellent type of Englishwoman devoted to country sports, but slightly overdrawn. But Delcombe was also essentially, and very emphatically, a gentleman, and when he proposed to Rita Frost he pretended no love, but frankly confessed that the case was one in which position, and that of the highest, was offered in exchange for dollars; and Rita accepted him on those terms, and they were married, and they began country life at the Abbey and fashionable life in London on the terms of living their own lives separately, and of going their own ways.

But this did not last. The goodness of heart that was in Rita began to make itself manifest at once. In the country she became much attached to Di, and showed the greatest anxiety to provide her sister-in-law with a fortune so that she might be married to the poor man of her choice, and Tony became devoted to her, and she was always half pleasing and half irritating Delcombe by intervening on behalf of peasant sinners against the estate, poachers and the like. Then—I am aware that much that is interesting is being omitted—Delcombe in his turn became interested in her, especially in London, giving her hints, which indeed were sadly needed, as to her dress and her behaviour. And in London she was, socially at any rate, a great success. So the two came nearer to one another, and finally very close indeed. It was trouble that brought them together, for Tony had a terrible accident while riding a pony, and then during the weary days which preceded his death, Rita was devoted in attendance upon him, and it was Rita who insisted that Tony's mother should be summoned to his bedside.

In a word Rita fell in love with Delcombe after marriage, and Delcombe fell in love with her, but knew not her feeling, and they might easily have entered upon the earthly paradise of happy married life there and then, if a feminine Satan had not intervened in the shape of Eva Ellison. It fell out thus: Delcombe had property in Ireland at Balnabown, and went to stay there and to look after it alone; and Mrs. Ellison, who was no better than she should be, and head over ears in debt, as was her husband, went to stay at Balnabown while her carelessness

husband went to his own worthless property in the County Galway; and after some theatricals, in which Eva took a prominent part, there was a fight over Eva, with which, of course, Delcombe had nothing on earth to do. Then came upon the scene Di and Rita, the latter urged by a newspaper paragraph stating that Delcombe had been placed under military protection, and Ellison, and this was Eva Ellison's opportunity. She was justly afraid of her husband and of what he might say and do if he heard that she had been cause of the fight after the theatricals, of which, but not of its cause, he had been informed in an anonymous letter. So she deliberately proposed that Rita should tell Ellison that the fight had been about her and not about his wife; and, when Rita refused point blank, Eva declared that she and Delcombe had come to Balnabown for a guilty purpose. And Rita turned her out of the room, but the poison had entered into her soul; Eva "had extinguished the light out of her life."

So Rita went back to London broken-hearted, and Eva went to perdition in her own way, and, before eloping with her paramour, wrote a cynical letter signed "Eva Ellison, or what you like," and in which she confessed the trick she had played. Then comes a fine passage.

As Rita laid the letter in her lap, the light summer breeze crept in at the window, lifting the curls on her forehead, cooling the warmth of her cheeks and neck. With shrinking she turned from the loneliness of her married life to the human companionship and affection that lay in the promise of the future before her. All misunderstandings were swept away, all pain and sorrow blotted out, for now that Eva herself declared the statement that she had made to be false, nothing any longer stood between her and the man she loved. Whenever she turned, a promise of happiness seemed wafted towards her. A dream of Eden—God's dream—a man and a woman in sweetest converse, most intimate communion, strivings in hand along the road of life towards something higher, something more adequate, than simple living for living's sake. Leaning her head back against the shutter, tears of happiness crept from beneath her eyelids, and trickled down her cheeks at the thought. Ah! Rita, dry your tears, there is no need for weeping now!

With delicious expectancy she thought of his arrival in London, how he would look, how he would speak when the moment came. She fancied herself and him as she had seen other husbands and wives, wandering about together. They would go abroad, perhaps to Italy, and he would teach her about art and beautiful things; or they would live at Balnabown, doing what they could for the people, making him beloved instead of hated; or at Delcombe, bringing back life and joy again to the stately old house and deserted corridors. On her imaginary stage, Rita had the power to compose things other than they composed themselves in real life. Now, when he laid her in his arms, as he had once done, she gave him back the look he had looked into her eyes, and with a rush of joy that yet had an element of pain, she laid her head on his shoulder and told him all that was in her heart.

The windows were open to the terrace. The city sounds, the music two doors off, the tum-tee-tum of the piano, and sometimes the phrase of a song, intermingled with the crunch of wheels and the linkman calling the carriages, came floating up towards her where she sat by the open window.

Suddenly she started. Was it a dream, or had she heard his name called? For a second, it seemed a natural sequence, so absorbed was she in the thought of him.

Closer again!—a boy's shrill voice at the end of the terrace. "Delcombe—He—arl of Delco—m—b—e!" Could it be? No, ridiculous, she thought, as she leant over the row of mignonette and stocks that bloomed in the window-box.

But again with piercing distinctness above the city's din, above every other sound, it fell upon her ear.

Rita jumped to her feet.

"Hush!" she whispered almost hysterically, though there was no one in the room to silence. Again the voice sounded closer: "Horrible Agrarian outrage in Ireland! Earl of Delcombe shot." There was no mistaking the words this time. Like a shriek of Fate they echoed down the terrace.

The summer air she had thought so refreshing just now seemed suddenly to scorch her face. Something caught her by the throat; she suffocated. Tum-tee-tum went the piano, and the linkman's voice cried: "The Duchess of Addens' carriage stops the way."

And still the woman above stood looking out.

But, as a matter of fact, all went well. Delcombe's wound was not mortal; he and his wife lived happily ever after. So ends a pleasing book. But mention has been made of faults and candour compels notice of some of them. One is ignorance or carelessness which an intelligent printer's reader, that *rara avis*, might easily set right. There is one in the last: five lines of the book in which Delcombe is said to have solved the fifth proposition of the Algebra (*sic!*) of Life, the *Pons asinorum* for most of us. That is, in itself, merely an irritating little mistake, but there are too many others of the same kind. More serious



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is the superabundance of slangy talk among ladies and gentlemen and the want of reality about some of the scenes, particularly that between Delcombe and his son at Eton. In fact, the book is distinctly wanting in polish; but the pith of the matter, the true story-telling instinct, is there; and that is passing rare.

The Coaching Club Meet.

IT is quite possible, on the pleasant principle that every man really knows his own business best, to be glad that the Coaching Club felt equal to holding their annual meet in Hyde Park on Saturday, and yet to hold that the Four-in-Hand Club acted wisely in allowing their meet to stand over. At any rate, in the most lovely weather, there was a very pleasant spectacle, both at the Magazine and on the way to Hurlingham. It was a sight, too, which could be enjoyed more at ease than in normal years, for the assemblage of spectators was distinctly less dense than usual. Many familiar faces of members of the club were absent, some of them in South Africa, and the muster was small—fifteen coaches only, as against thirty-four last year—but the quality of the teams was distinctly and strikingly good. Bays and browns were clearly the favourites, and there is no better or workmanlike-looking combination, but Mr. Stern's team of blue roans was much and most deservedly



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admired. The procession started round the ring drive punctually at one o'clock, and thence out by Queen's Gate to Hurlingham, where luncheon was taken. The weather was perfect. The following were the coaches, with the greater number of their occupants:

Lord Newland's coach: Sir Reginald and Lady Gipps, the Hon. Mrs. A. V. Bigham, Sir William and Miss Baird, Miss Teilden, Miss Hozier, and Mr. Sandeman. Brown team.

Mr. J. H. Horton, Mrs. Horton, Mrs. Grant, and Mr. L. Husband, M.P. Bay and brown team.

Mr. C. Hanbury, the Hon. Mrs. Verney, Mr. and Mrs. B. Hanbury, and the Misses Kemble. Chestnut team.

Mr. E. D. Stern, Amy Lady Coleridge, Viscountess Parker, Mrs. Walter Sandemann, General Dunne, Captain Matthews, and Mr. Walsham Hunt. Blue roan team.

Mr. Forbes Leith, Mrs. Percy Leith and party. Dark bay team.

Mr. F. Cook, M.P., Mrs. Cook, Colonel Welby, M.P., and Mrs. Welby, Lady Pontefex Cleveland. Bay team.

Mr. C. E. Charlesworth, Mrs. Charlesworth (on box seat), Mrs. Graham Clarke and party. Yorkshire chestnut team.



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MR. G. O. STERN'S BLUE ROANS.

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Mr., Mrs., and Miss Milville and party. Black and grey team.

Mr. R. Budfelt, the Misses Budfelt, Mr. and Mrs. Fitzgerald, Miss Tredcroft, Colonel Grades Sawle. Bay team.

Sir Patteson Nickalls, Mr. Patteson Nickalls, Miss Nickalls, Miss Sybil Nickalls, Miss Miller, Mr. Morris. Team, two chestnuts and two browns.

Mr. Fitzhugh Whitehouse, Hon. Mrs. C. J. Coventry, Miss Whitehouse, Captain Schreiber, Lord Lawrence, Hon. Annie Lawrence. Team, two bays and two greys.

Mr. B. S. Faudel-Phillips, Lady Faudel-Phillips, Miss Phillips, Mr. Henrique. Black team.

Major and Mrs. Tenant and party, Mr. C. J. Phillips. Team, bays and browns.

Mr. Albert Brassey, Colonel, Mrs., and Miss Baskerville, Miss Iris Basye. Bay team.

Mr. F. G. Banbury, M.P., Mrs. and Miss Banbury, Mr. and Mrs. Beckett. Chestnut team.

AN ACADEMY RAMBLE.

IN the lines which follow no attempt will be made to enter into minute or dogmatic criticism of the two

thousand and more pictures and architectural designs and sculptures which are exhibited in the Academy, and that for two excellent reasons: Firstly, there would be no room for such criticism; secondly, the writer is not competent to offer it. This is rather an attempt to reproduce the general impression left upon the mind of one who loves pictures, but knows nothing about them from the scientific point of view, who is a countryman *pur sang*, who therefore loves best those pictures which deal with subjects which appeal to him. Nevertheless, being a man, he cannot pass unnoticed that splendid group of portraits by Mr. Sargent which the Prince of Wales named so appropriately "The Three Graces." The picture of Lady Elcho, Mrs. Adeane, and Mrs. Tennant in their habit as they live is already among the few great pictures of the century. It stands head and shoulders above anything else in Burlington House as clearly and as distinctly as a few weeks ago, and in the same place, Vandyck's Phillip Wharton stood above any of his other pictures that were shown. Mr. Sargent has other portraits—the Earl of Dalhousie, the Lord Chief Justice, Sir David Richeson, and his diploma picture, a very clever Venetian interior—and all are good, but none of them show the same inspiration as this, and the portrait of the mother hanging on the wall behind her three perfect daughters is the happiest of ideas.

Mr. Sargent's masterpiece, in which he has excelled him-



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GETTING INTO THEIR SWING.

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self and all his contemporaries, is the picture of the year, but Mr. Leslie's "In Time of War," which it is our precious privilege to reproduce, so far as that can be done in black and white, has certainly touched more hearts, and touched them more deeply, and will be remembered longer than any work of art which hangs on the walls of Burlington House this year. We have noticed that it produces a peculiar effect upon the passing throngs of visitors and critics. They linger near it long, but they discuss it not at all. The hum of conversation ceases; men and women become silent in the face of a perfect presentiment of that hopeless sorrow which, in a hundred English homes, is the price of the maintenance of national greatness. The picture touches the sympathies and the emotions before it appeals to the artistic instincts, and then later one realises how complete and perfectly considered is the whole. It is the old old story, which all know from bitter personal experience, of Nature's apparent want of sympathy and of pity. A great sorrow, a feeling that all the light has gone out of her existence, is shown with marvellous force and sympathy in the figure of the slender girl who sits by the ancient sundial; but the splendour of the sun is not dimmed, and the old English flowers in the border revel in it, and the water gleams, and the cat, true to the instincts of its race, pursues its ordinary avocations unmoved by human sorrow. A dog would be lying close to his mistress, the very embodiment of silent sympathy and grief. The same contrast between the apparent hardness of Nature and the desolation of the heart of man or woman is matter of common experience, but it is really in harmony with the fitness of things, for it reminds us that the time will surely come when, although the memory of sorrow will not be blotted out, the charm of the sunshine will be felt again, and the colour and the scent of the flowers, and the gleam of the water, will be pleasant things. The picture is treated first as a dirge, then as an elegy. But, apart from that, it is an exceptionally beautiful composition, a representation of an ideal English garden. It will, we think, tend to enhance appreciation of Mr. Leslie's art to state that the environment of that silent and pitiful story is, taken as a whole, a work of the imagination. Mr. Leslie's own garden near Wallingford—passing restful it must be—is the canvas, so to speak, on which he has worked; but he has painted in many things which, although they are not there in reality, will, one can hardly doubt it, be introduced soon. The sundial, the summer-house, the fountain and figure are in other gardens; but so exquisite is the taste and so perfect the composition that nothing but Mr. Leslie's own word would convince us that the whole had not been painted directly from a real scene. The beautiful figure in the fountain is from a small model made by Mr. Leslie himself. For the cat, known as the Royal Imp, is also Mr. Leslie's own, and a great favourite. It may be interesting to note that the Imp is not only a remarkably fine animal, which the picture shows, but also a great lover of swimming; and his attitude by the waterside bodes ill for any gold-fish, or other fish either, which the sun may tempt to the surface.

And now let us ramble in desultory fashion through the rooms, noting here one picture and there another of special interest, for one reason or another, to readers of *COUNTRY LIFE*, but not attempting to make anything approaching to a full list even of those coming within that wide category. But of the whole of them let it be said that the knowledge of natural history and of sport and of the breeds and characteristics of dogs in the artistic world has clearly made a very remarkable advance of late. The "On the Moors" of Mr. Thomas Blinks (39), two capital liver and white pointers crossing a moorland grip and in the act of drawing on their birds, is full of life and knowledge, and Mr. Alfred W. Strutt's "Thanks Awfully" is an amusing and well-executed hunting picture, although, perhaps, one might grow weary of it in any except a very large house. A man in pink, a trifle too clean perhaps, is walking waist deep through a turbid brook over which he has come to grief; a lithe horsewoman who has been more fortunate is sitting her horse beautifully on the far side and holding his horse for him. All these are in the first gallery, as is Mr. Arthur Wardle's "A Morning Drink" (26). This is not, as might be imagined from the picture, a Bacchanalian picture, but a daring experiment in glowing colour. Two leopards, the very incarnation of savage grace, are drinking at a jungle pool, and from its surface flash water-lilies which can be described by no other colour than magenta. But the picture which takes our fancy most, for its exquisite colouring, its restfulness and coolness and light, is the "Green Punt" (43) of Mr. Alfred Parsons. One knows the scene and a score more or less like it, and they are all delightful. It is simply a backwater lying off the upper reaches of the Isis, probably somewhere near Lechlade, and the lights on the water and the life of it are as good as good can be. One seems to hear the rustle of the whitening willows in the background, to smell the wild flowers on the left bank of the water, to feel quite sympathetic interest in the worm which the patient angler in the punt which lies athwart the water is putting on his hook "tenderly and as if he loved it." This is a

picture of which one would never grow weary. Excellent, and very clear in colouring, is the same painter's "Rain in Spring" (86), and his "Longleat Woods" (1109) is a remarkably pleasing water-colour. In the particular field of Art into which the tastes of Mr. Parsons take him he has practically hardly a rival. A passing pleasant picture in Gallery III. is Mr. David Murray's "A Fair Land is England" (139), a sun-steeped, sea-girt corner of the West country, where the fisherman's upturned boat lies under fruit trees in all the glory of blossom, and the nets hang from the same trees like a curtain of gossamer, and the sea is of ethereal blue; and it is well to pause at Mr. Spenlove Spenlove's "The Hurrying Storm" (145), a typically Dutch scene. In the same gallery is Mr. Orchardson's "Windsor Castle Portraits" (143), of which the less said the better. Very pleasing are the rough "Basset Puppies and their Mother" by Mr. Philip Stretton (211), and Mr. J. C. Hook's "Surrey Trout Stream" (279). Mr. Alexander Small's "Salmon-spearing" (412) attracts rather by its subject than by its execution, for Mr. Small has not, in our judgment, been entirely successful with his lights. On the other hand, Miss Lucy Kemp-Welch has achieved a real triumph in her "Horse Bathing in the Sea" (427), and those who have described her as the coming Rosa Bonheur have not spoken rashly or without cause. The whole picture, recalling many a scene on the coasts of Normandy and Brittany, is capital, and the grey horse with his hindquarters turned towards the onlooker is noble. "Winter's Sleep" (538) is a successful effort on the part of Mr. Harry W. Adams to give expression to the absolute stillness which seems to pervade earth and sky on a still dark evening by the slow river's side when not a breath of wind is stirring and the snow muffles the whole earth, and all things seem fast bound in relentless cold. Not far from it is a very fine portrait by Mr. Ouless of Mr. A. N. Hornby (559). It is a presentation portrait, given by some friends of the Lancashire Cricket Club which he has served so well, and Mr. Hornby is represented in character, in fact in his shirtsleeves and bat in hand, but it is an excellent picture all the same, and full of character and strength. "Ploughing on a Breezy Day" (622), by Mr. Arthur Netherwood, takes our fancy not a little, and the same may be said of Mr. Edwin Tyndall's "Esk Valley" (725). It is impossible to pass Mr. Sargent's diploma picture (729), which has already been mentioned, without noticing a striking picture of driven grouse, by Mr. Douglas Adams, entitled "Straight for the Guns" (730). Then, suddenly, it bursts upon one that impossible as it must be to arrange pictures in any sort of harmony on the walls of Burlington House, there is here the most extraordinary and incongruous mixture in which every picture does its best to kill its neighbour. Mr. Sargent's picture is sombre, thoughtful—a stately piece of work. Immediately underneath it is a spray of flaring violets, the driven grouse are over it; live lobsters are on one side. Let us be thankful only that cooked lobsters, such as Mr. Whistler was once said to have painted in the water, are not on the other side. Strolling onwards, and getting a peep at the pictures now and again, but missing, no doubt, a great many of them, the countryman enjoys the sleeping fox-terrier puppies in Mr. Valentine Garland's "Taking it Easy" (850), and Mr. Leader's "Trout Stream" (839), but he is amused somewhat by the picture entitled "In the Golden Days" (962), by Mr. Hugh C. Riviere. It is a picture of an eight-oar and its crew, with the coach riding on the bank, and it is painted not amiss, but if the coach knows his business, as one may infer from the colour of his blazer that he does, it is just as well that canvas is dumb.

So on as quickly as may be, missing many things of set purpose, to the architectural room, where there will be no crowd. Yet on the way Mr. Benjamin Constant's fine portrait of the Princess Demidoff simply arrests and compels attention, and in the architectural room are some drawings of practical interest, particularly to those readers of *COUNTRY LIFE* who have followed the correspondence on cottages which has occupied a good deal of our space. Foremost amongst these we would mention Mr. Thomas Davison's sketch for a "Hampshire Cottage" (1687), and Mr. W. H. Atkin Berry's groups of "Berkshire Cottages" (1702-1703).

AT THE THEATRE.

"**L**IKE father like son" is a saying which, unfortunately, can very rarely be applied to actors. But there is reason to hope that Mr. Gilbert Hare, the son of Mr. John Hare, will follow worthily in his father's footsteps. During the suburban and provincial tour of "The Gay Lord Quex," Mr. Hare, jun., is playing the name part, his father's part, very admirably. It is by no means a slavish copy of the original reading of the character; it has many touches of freshness and novelty. While Mr. Gilbert Hare shows his lack of experience, as compared with the finished acting of Mr. John Hare, in the minutiae of his acting—those delicate little touches which mean so much—in many ways his is even a more convincing and bolder representation of the character; more broadly



From the Painting by
G. D. Leslie, R.A.

IN TIME OF WAR.

G. D. Leslie, R.A.

virile, if one may say so, without casting any reflection whatever on the splendid rendering of Mr. John Hare at the Globe Theatre. With Miss Irene Vanbrugh in her wonderful performance of Sophie Fullgarney, and with all the other parts in good hands, playgoers in suburbs and country should not pass by "The Gay Lord Quex" when it comes their way. It is not in any sense played in the manner of the ordinary "touring company."

THAT that gloomy and doleful play "Magda" should have reached its hundredth performance at the Royalty Theatre, is an example of one of the rarest of things in England—a triumph of acting. Not one play in a hundred succeeds in this country solely on account of the acting. Here, more than anywhere in the world, "the play's the thing," the only thing—helped by good acting, hurt by



Photo, Lallie Garet-Charles.

MISS ISABEL JAY.

bad, but never made or ruined by either. "Magda" is a good play, but it is not a play to appeal to the British public. That it should have reached a hundred performances and be "still running," therefore, is a personal triumph for Mrs. Patrick Campbell, which her superb acting in it thoroughly deserves. Some very superior people have been mightily angry lately with those who have dared to call Mrs. Patrick Campbell's acting in this play "great." Reading between the lines, one gathers that no English artist can be "great." That is a superlative degree reserved entirely for Signora Duse and Madame Bernhardt. But it nowise detracts from the greatness either of Duse or Bernhardt to proclaim the greatness of Mrs. Campbell's "Magda." Fortunately, these irate censors of other people's opinions exercise no influence on playgoers, and it is a credit to the public that the Royalty Theatre

should have been crowded this last month or so—no thanks to those who patronisingly bestowed upon her their lukewarm praise. The public once more has known a good thing when it sees one.

THE Japanese Court Company, who have been playing at the Coronet Theatre, *en route* from New York to the Paris

Exhibition, are a distinguished band of players, entitled to sympathetic treatment, even if their art is strange to us. Curiously enough, the quality most noticeable in their work is that of realism. Their fighting and their dying are extraordinarily lifelike, if one may be excused the expression. Indeed, the combats are the most furious onslaughts ever seen, uniting swordplay with gymnastics in a comprehensive manner. The duellists take each other up and throw themselves over each other's shoulders with the greatest nonchalance. Their death

scenes are painfully graphic, with their twitchings and their turnings. The tragedians are also admirable singers and dancers; indeed, their versatility is wonderful. Miss—is it Miss?—Sada Yacco, the "leading lady" of the company, is very charming, and Mr. Kawakami, the hero, is evidently an experienced and artistic follower of the art of acting as practised in Japan.

MADAME MELBA'S appearance in Bucchin's delightful opera, "La Bohème," at Covent Garden, proved at once that the diva's voice has retained all its charm, all its sweetness, all its truth and power. In her singing it was impossible for her to improve; in her acting, one notices improvement. Madame Calvé goes from triumph to triumph. As Marguerite, in "Faust," her indescribably beautiful voice, with its flute-like quality, and her magnificent acting, carried everything before her. The season at Covent Garden steadily grows better, and the chorus and orchestra are now settling down to their work.

Captain Basil Hood seldom disappoints us. "Ib and Little Christina" at the Prince of Wales's proves him to be a writer of serious work who will have to be reckoned with, and his admirable little front piece which now precedes "The Rose of Persia" at the Savoy shows that he is as facile as ever in the work in which he first made his reputation. "Pretty Polly" it is called, and it is a delightful example of its kind, full of dainty humour.

The cast of "The Rose of Persia" has been very considerably improved of late by the promotion of Miss Isabel Jay to the leading feminine character, and by the accession of Miss Decima Moore. Miss Jay is full of the wildest spirit, and thoroughly delights one by her piquancy and buoyancy; she gives to Captain Basil Hood's clever lines all their meaning. And Miss Jay's pretty voice is fully capable of dealing with the music Sir Arthur Sullivan has provided. Altogether, "The Rose of Persia" was never so charming as now, charming as it always was. Mr. Walter Passmore, Mr. Lytton, Mr. Evett, and Miss Rosina Brandram remain to keep the opera to the highest pitch of vivacity and tunefulness.

Mr. Penley has opened his bright and pretty new theatre, in Great Queen Street, which he calls the Great Queen Street Theatre, a name which possesses more of a commercial than an artistic value. It is a neat and cheery building, and the comfort of everyone has been more than adequately provided for. Mr. Penley has not troubled about a novelty for his opening programme, but contents himself with reviving the amusing "Little Ray of Sunshine," in which he appears with his very competent company.

Mr. Murray Carson promises us a revival of that clever comedy "Gudgeons," which he wrote some years ago with Mr. Louis N. Parker. It was produced then at Terry's Theatre and never had a proper chance. Under more auspicious circumstances it should attract much more notice, though its cynical flavour may possibly prevent it ever blossoming into a popular success. But it is so full of genuine humour and observation, it is so spiced with the salt of wit, its characterisation is so fresh and original, that it were a pity if "Gudgeons" were not rescued from the waters of obscurity. Mr. Carson, who has been playing the chief part—that of the aristocratic "commission agent" and gudgeon catcher—in the suburbs, has never done anything so well, and gives to the character a fine full flavour which makes it quite realistic and convincing.

The matinée at Drury Lane Theatre, on June 19th, in aid of the sufferers from the Ottawa fire and of the losses of the gallant Canadian contingents, grows apace in interest. Mr. Arthur Bourchier and Miss Irene Vanbrugh have promised to appear in the celebrated Helen and Modus scenes from "The Hunchback." This is the first time these artists have played the parts in London, and it will be Miss Vanbrugh's only appearance before her American tour with Mr. Hare in "The Gay Lord Quex." Mr. Franklin McLeay and

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his committee are proud of the fact that they have secured the patronage of the Queen, and that the Prince of Wales has taken a box and has signified his intention of being present.

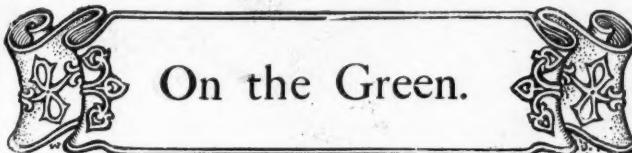
Mr. John Hare's speech at the Royal General Theatrical Fund Dinner was righteously in a somewhat bitter vein at the expense of the nobles who have been airing their uninformed views in the House of Commons on the immorality of the drama. No good can come of such exhibitions as those; the public will rightly never take our legislators seriously as art critics. The only possible censor is the public; sometimes the public is lax, but usually right.

Sir Henry Irving will shortly be among us again, and what a welcome he will have after his long absence! We are a little sorry that he will not be seen in a new play, but, failing that, nothing could be better than "Olivia," for neither Sir Henry as the Vicar nor Miss Ellen Terry as his daughter have ever done anything more appealing. With Sir Henry once more installed among us, with "Rip Van Winkle" at Her Majesty's, "The School for Scandal" at the Haymarket, the world theatre will have an interest it has not possessed just lately. "David Garrick" is looming up again at Wyndham's Theatre, so that what with one thing and another, although the modern author does not seem to be having much of "a look in," the rising generation is being given full opportunity of making acquaintance with the plays which delighted its forbears.

We are shortly to see at the Strand "The Mysterious Mr. Bugle," a comedy in which Miss Annie Russell made a great success in America. It is from the pen of Mrs. Madeleine Lucette Ryley, who has given us so many sprightly plays of a light texture, notably "Jedbury Junior," "A Bachelor's Romance," and "An American Citizen."

"Cyrano de Bergerac" has had a very short life in his English guise at Wyndham's Theatre, and Mr. Wyndham promises us revivals of "David Garrick," "The Tyranny of Tears," and, perhaps, "Rosemary." If we are allowed once again to see Mr. Haddon Chambers's delightful comedy, "The Tyranny of Tears," we shall almost be inclined to be glad that "Cyrano" did not appeal very vividly to the London playgoer.

PHEBUS.



MR. ROBERTSON, who won the Parliamentary Golf Tournament last year, has been "going very strong" since his tie with eleven others for the last qualifying place in the bogey competition that precedes the actual tournament play. Playing off the tie, for which eight out of the twelve came to the tee, he was a very easy winner, and in his first heat in the tournament won by six up and five to play. Another who has played his first heat with great success is Mr. Henry Tollemache, defeating Mr. Walter Campion, who had three strokes allowed him, by four and three. Mitcham seems to be the green most favoured by these legislators for playing off their matches. In old days this tournament was held at Tooting Bec, but rival greens near London have usurped its popularity. Mr. Felix Skene has beaten Mr. H. Whiteley, and Mr. Allhusen defeated Mr. W. Jeans, both matches being played at Mitcham.

Harry Vardon, we are told, has not been playing in his old form since his return from America. It is reported that he has found a succession of matches on quaint courses not very helpful, but there is time between his landing and the date of the great championship for even a lesser man than he to pick up "what he is pleased to call his game" again. This criticism incidentally cast on the American greens is not to be taken to mean that there are not some excellent courses in the States. Vardon himself has been careful to assure us of that. But there are there, as elsewhere, comparatively evil ones, and they have not had the time for improvement and maturing that we in the old country have enjoyed. We have not first mowed and then rolled our greens for 100 years, but for some time we have.

All the difficulties of the golfer in search of a guide, philosopher and friend, to help him in the understanding of the mysteries of the rules, do not seem to have been solved, as we hoped they had been solved, by the appointment of the Rules of Golf Committee for a recent inquiry about the law in bogey competitions, the committee returned the answer that bogey competitions were not recognised by the laws of golf, and therefore were no concern of theirs. Now, the very object of the Rules of Golf Committee was to exist as a head or central authority to expound all difficult points connected with the game, and it is a distinct disappointment to find it taking up such a prejudiced attitude as this; as much as to say, "Oh! this 'bogey' is not a game that is known at St. Andrews. We are not going to be bothered with making rules for it." It is hard to see the justification of such an attitude. It seems simply stupidly obstructive. The committee cannot but know that bogey competitions are largely played in the South, they must also see that the South needs some guidance in the mode of playing them. Why then should they get up on a high horse and say that, because the rules of golf do not recognise "bogey," they, therefore, do not mean to recognise him? It seems rather ill-natured of them in the first place, and in the second place it seems as if they were thus playing straight into the hands of those who agitate for a golfing union to deal with the rules and all the game. It amounts to "chucking" golfers into the arms of the union to refuse them the guidance that they expect from the only central authority at present constituted. The only alternative seems to be to constitute another authority, and a greater misfortune for the game is hardly to be conceived than such a division, which in course of time might split the game into differences not much less wide than those which separate Rugby and Association football. It is sincerely to be hoped that the committee will reconsider so much their particular decision or refusal to decide in this case, as their general attitude toward a mode of the game that is popular with a great and increasing number of golfers.



FROM SOUTH AFRICA.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—You cannot think what a comfort your paper is to our mess out here, as it is virtually the only paper that is not full of war pictures from the front. We are in dread week by week lest we should find something photographed exclusively for COUNTRY LIFE by our war correspondent. Photographs of racing and hunting and English homes are much more soothing to the savage breast. I am writing this trusting there is no chance of your turning your excellent paper into the "horrid imagery of war," or whatever the expression is. I think any paper that advertises "No war news" would have a fine sale in South Africa.—S. E. H.

[It gives us great pleasure to publish this unsought tribute from an officer serving at the front, for it approves the policy which we have pursued persistently since the war began. Allusions to the events of the war it would have been impossible to avoid entirely at moments when they were the universal topic of conversation; but we have felt that the public was suffering from an overdose of war pictures, and our correspondent need be under no apprehension that we shall take up the "horrid imagery of war," which, by the way, is a very apt phrase.—ED.]

CHEAP FARES FOR OTTER HUNTERS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have obtained the following concessions from the railway companies, which, seeing they apply to all packs of otter hounds, seem worthy of a note in your paper. Tickets will be issued from and to any station to persons attending hunt meetings at a single fare and a half for the double journey, the tickets being available for the day of issue on y. Hounds, horses, and servants will be conveyed at a reduced rate, but this seems hardly of general interest.—R. E. E. MATTHEWS, Hon. Sec. of the Dartmoor Otter Hounds.

AN OLD SILVER PHEASANT.

SIR,—We have a silver pheasant, a cock, which was given away by my father in 1887, when it was nearly two years old and in full plumage. This seems to be a case of extraordinary longevity in a game bird, and of the dates I am absolutely sure, as though out of my possession for about three years, it was close at hand, and I saw it constantly. Four years ago he lost his surviving mate, which I did not replace, substituting a bantam hen, one of a brood he had coaxed away from their mother and brought up himself. This fostering was the more remarkable as he was distinctly savage, having killed one of his own hens and cut open a gull with a single blow of his powerful beak. His plumage and legs are still those of a young bird, and his superb carriage well befits his name of "Sultan"—perhaps I ought to change it to "Methuselah." If the age is unusual, this may be worth inserting in your most interesting paper.—FANNY E. A. LIVESAY.

CLIVIA MINIATA SUPERBA.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The enclosed photograph is of a plant of Clivia miniata superba, which was raised from a cutting seven or eight years ago. The photograph was taken this year, when it carried about twenty-seven trusses of bloom. It is a most decorative plant, and I fancy is not often seen on such an extensive scale. If you think the photograph sufficiently good and interesting for publication I shall be very pleased.—G. I. LEADBETTER.

[The Clivia is a most excellent plant, and it is a pity that it is not more grown, especially by those who have only a small greenhouse or even a room. It never fails to give an abundance of its orange-red flowers.—ED.]

AVICULTURE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In the course of my allusions to the National Poultry Organisation Association, I had no intention of expressing the opinion that that society would at once provide a panacea for all the ills which poultry breeders have to bear, but I believe that the association is endeavouring to work upon the right lines, and provided that it is well managed, that it will eventually succeed. Since I wrote to you, however, I have had an opportunity of seeing the annual report of the association's proceedings from its inauguration in the autumn of 1898, and I must admit that I regret to find therefrom that only some seven branches have been established, and that no collecting depots are at work. This, no doubt, is a very slow rate of progress, and it is to be trusted that more expedition will be associated with the labours of the society during the ensuing season, but we all know that launching an affair of this kind takes time, though better results than those referred to above might have been expected. Meanwhile, it appears to me that poultry breeders residing in many parts of the country might benefit themselves, and at the same time indirectly assist the National Poultry Organisation Association by commencing as it were from the other end. By this I mean that if local breeders were to combine and form small societies for the encouragement of utility poultry breeding a good deal might be done, for if cottagers and others were once to understand that there would be a sale for their eggs and poultry they would not be long in devoting more attention to aviculture than they do. It is to the small breeder and not

to the farmers that I think we should look for a national supply of eggs and poultry in the first instance, as the agricultural community have many things to think of before they come to poultry, and are, moreover, a very difficult class to convince that what they have is not the very best. On the other hand—and here is a fine field for the squire's or the clergyman's wife and daughters—if the cottagers could be persuaded to breed poultry on proper lines, and thereby improve their stock, the farmers might in process of time profit by their example and do likewise. The friend of your correspondent "Agriculturist" was certainly unfortunate in having so large a number of birds left on his hands, but I cannot help being of the opinion that had my proposition been carried out in his district—by which I mean to say that had there been a local society interested in the sale of the produce of utility poultry—his experiences would have been different. One or two breeders are not enough to ensure a regular supply, and that is what the large buyers require, lest they themselves should be unable to execute their orders. These tradesmen are often supplied by higgler or itinerant dealers, who pass through different localities on certain stated days and buy from the poultry breeders direct, subsequently transferring their purchases in bulk to the wholesale men or their regular customers, provision merchants, hotel keepers, and others. By means of this arrangement the market is kept at a fair level, as the higgler when paying one visit to a place can give the poultry breeder an idea as to the number of birds required when they call next time, and consequently the market does not become glutted. Personally, I have very little faith in poultry farming on a large scale ever proving a profitable undertaking, for although it may succeed for a time, the luck usually changes—whether from disease breaking out or some other cause—and the speculation fails. The men who make most money out of table poultry are the fatteners, who purchase chickens from the higgler and feed them for market, and it may possibly be news to many of your readers to learn that plenty of the birds fattened in the South of England come from Ireland. Poultry breeding is one business, and poultry feeding is another, and both can be made to pay if conducted upon proper principles. I fear that many balance-sheets of poultry farms which have appeared would never stand the test of close examination, for as a rule nothing is charged for labour, depreciation of capital, repairs, collection for and despatch to market, rent, and other such items, and yet all these become serious considerations in a large establishment. It has been my lot to become acquainted with the history of many poultry farms, and I regret to say that I have found the majority to be losing concerns; whilst, on the other hand, I know of several cases in which breeders in a comparatively small way have done well by their birds. Unfortunately for myself, I am old enough to remember the large establishment which was started at Bromley for breeding fowls on an extended scale, and what a fiasco that was! Since then there have been many attempts, but few remain; and though I should be extremely sorry to say that there are no large poultry farms which pay, I am sure that the failures have been more frequent than the successes, and that local unions or associations of breeders would eventually prove more remunerative to the members and beneficial to the community than the establishment of a few gigantic establishments. There is a popular belief, I know, that large poultry farms on the Continent are commonly met with—in fact, we read of so many that there must be some, as there may be here, but experience has taught me that all we hear about them is not true. For instance, several years ago a popular journal, the poultry editor of which is a personal friend, published an account of a large establishment on the Continent at which hundreds of fowls were bred and despatched to market. Every detail was given, even to the number of birds kept, men employed, and horses slaughtered for feeding purposes, but still some doubted, and enquiries were made. Result: No such place or anything resembling it was known in the locality named, whilst the station-master of the village from whence truck loads of poultry were supposed to be despatched periodically declared that he had never sent a parcel of dead fowls off in his life. After such an experience can I be blamed for receiving statements referring to poultry farms with the traditional grain of salt?—AVICULTURIST.

SINGLE TRIGGER GUNS.

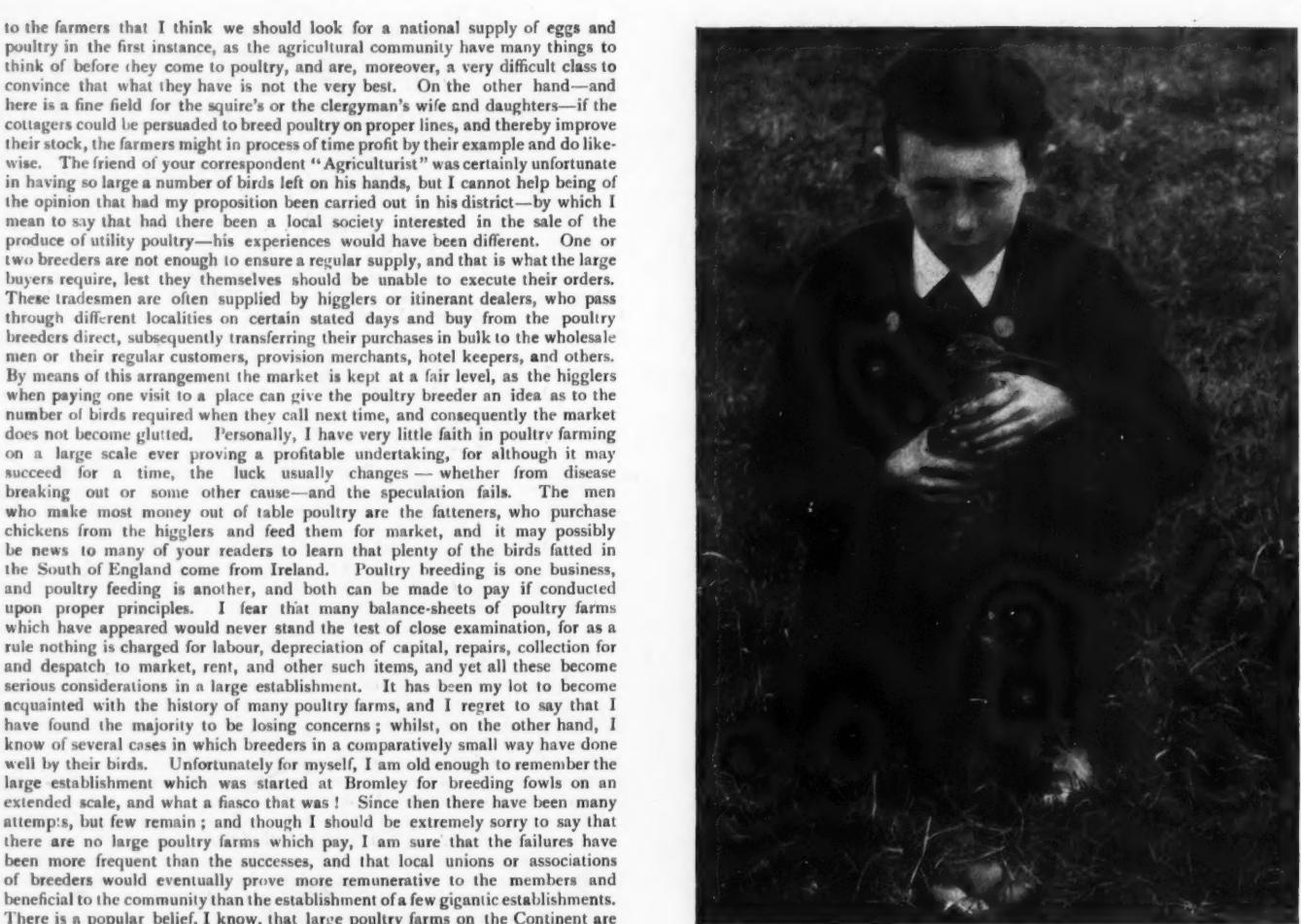
[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I should be very glad if any of your readers could give me their experiences of single triggers, as to which is the best and most reliable mechanism made. Some are so hopelessly unreliable. I am having a gun built and want to have the best trigger possible. Thanking you in anticipation.—J. P. STANLEY.

STRANGE TAMENESS OF CURLEW.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The enclosed photographs were taken by me last week at Hartsgarth, Roxburghshire, in the occupation of Mr. Frank Fenwick. This curlew has nested about the same spot for the last five years, and has become so tame that she will allow Mr. Fenwick's boys and even strangers to stroke her while sitting, and even to lift her off the nest, as is shown in the photograph numbered two. After the last familiarity, however, she declined to be replaced, but took up her



position some 5yds. off, screaming loudly and flapping a broken wing. As the whaup (as this bird is locally known) is noted for its extreme shyness, I think this occurrence may be of interest to the readers of your journal.—LIDDESDALE.

A MOORHEN'S NESTING PLACE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I was recently shown a moorhen's nest in the top of a laurel hedge and more than 6ft. above the ground; it contained five or six eggs, and the bird left on my approach. The hedge is within a few yards of a house, and 300yds. from the nearest water, which is only a small rivulet running through a dingle. As moorhens usually build on or close to water, into which the young birds get very shortly after they are hatched, is not the instance I have quoted very exceptional? How will the young birds get safely to the ground? Of course, once there, natural instinct and the old bird will soon lead them to the water.—KERRY.

[Without a doubt this is a strange place for a moorhen's nest, especially in point of distance from the water. Such eccentricities are, however, by no means uncommon. The problem how the young birds get down has often puzzled naturalists; a reasonable explanation seems to be that they stay in the nest rather longer than usual, and then fall down. In this case the difficulty would not be great, as the young birds are very light, and the twigs of the laurel hedge would break their fall.—ED.]

GARDEN INSECTS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I should be much obliged if you will kindly name the enclosed grubs, also tell me if Nos. 1 and 3 are destructive to plants. Do any of the grubs increase quickly, or am I likely to be successful in exterminating them by trapping with potatoes? I am told that No. 1 is beneficial and destroys harmful grubs, so I do not know whether to kill it or not.—M. W.

[The grubs you enclose are specimens of three different kinds of Myriapods. Those in bottle No. 1 are one of the centipedes, probably immature specimens of *Geophilus forficatus*; they are carnivorous, living upon small insects, slugs, worms, etc., and are certainly of use in gardens, therefore should be encouraged. No. 3 also contained a centipede (*Geophilus longicornis*). Like all centipedes its mouth is provided with poison fangs, and so it should be carnivorous, but it is so often found at the roots of dying plants that we are by no means sure but that it at times injures the roots of plants. Its presence may be due to its feeding on insects that are attacking the roots. It is a slow-moving creature, and when animal food fails it may take to a vegetable diet. We cannot, however, speak positively on this point. No. 2 contained specimens of one of the millipedes, "the spotted snake millipede" (*Bianululus guttulatus*). All the millipedes are very injurious to plants, and this species is one of the most destructive. It has a most undesirable partiality to ripe strawberries, and we have often seen a dozen or more on one fruit. These millipedes are very difficult creatures to get rid of. Their skins are so tough and horny that no insecticide has any effect upon them that can be used for their destruction while in the soil. Trapping with slices of mangolds, turnips, carrots, or potatoes buried an inch below the surface is very useful. A small wooden skewer thrust into each bait is useful in handling it and in showing where it is hidden. Pieces of slate, brick, tiles, or board laid firmly on the ground make good traps, as the millipedes often hide under such things. Both kinds of traps should be examined every morning. When possible soil infested by these creatures should be given a good dressing of gas-lime and then be fallowed.—ED.]